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The Week

IN his Labor Day message the President again holds out the promise of a readjustment in the relations of capital and labor. There is to be an industrial conference—to discuss "fundamental means . . . of putting the whole wage question upon another footing." The country is certain to give a respectful hearing to any proposals the President may have. But it cannot be forgotten that more than three months ago Mr. Wilson declared "The object of all reform in this essential matter must be the genuine democratization of industry." There has never been so great an opportunity for courageous action as events of the last three months have offered. But that phrase, "democratization of industry," still remains wrapped in mystery. It is hard to have faith to believe that we shall ever learn now what the President means by "putting the whole wage question on another footing."

MANY people are guessing that Mr. Gompers intends to come out against the Plumb Plan. That is the interpretation they put upon the postponement of a decision by the Executive Council of the A. F. of L.—and they may be right. But it is also possible that so shrewd a leader as Mr. Gompers simply wants more time to gauge the strength of the support behind the Brotherhood leaders before he makes up his own mind. It is not worth while speculating which explanation is the right one. What is more important is that Mr. Gompers and the group around him are approaching a new decision. For two years they have been able to stand both as leaders of American Labor and barkers for the Democratic Party. It is likely that the roads will soon divide.

MR. GOMPERS is reported by some of the newspapers to have "won over" the leaders of the railway shopmen to the idea that a strike of their crafts at this moment would be bad policy. We doubt whether the leaders had to be persuaded to that point of view. The strike in California was not authorized, and the union leaders worked diligently to call it off. They have two good reasons for not wanting their strike now. The shopmen constitute less than a fourth of the railway employees represented by the Federated Trades—and the other three-quarters of the workers are still undetermined what their course will be. In the second place, the leaders of the shopmen's unions do not want to be charged with obstructing the President's efforts to reduce the cost of living. They have nothing to lose by waiting. But they can wait? What is really being put to a test is the authority of the leaders over the restless rank and file.

IN the case of the threatened steel strike it is again the rank and file that is most impatient with delay. The Steel Workers' Committee has had to send out telegrams to its locals warning them against taking things into their own hands and urging that they wait until "all amicable means of settlement" have been exhausted. A settlement without a strike would save a vast amount of suffering; but the recent exchange of letters between unions and employers shows viewpoints widely different. Mr. Gary insists upon the open shop as better for the employee no less than the employer; declares that the Steel Corporation takes great interest in the living conditions of its workers; and asserts that it does not combat labor unions "as such." The open shop is of course a matter of opinion. Mr. Gary's other two points are questions of fact. And anyone who has studied conditions in the great steel plants and the dingy hovels of the Pittsburg steel district will find it hard to take his words at their face value.

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IN the Senate a sub-committee of the Committee on the Judiciary has found that there are no constitutional obstacles that prevent ratification of the proposed Anglo-Franco-American alliance. It reports that fact; and—by the simple argument "Germany is a menace, France must recuperate"—recommends to the Senate that the alliance be accepted. The sub-committee does not attempt to reconcile the idea of a separate alliance with the principles of a general League. It does not seem even to wonder why it is necessary to guarantee the protection of France and not to guarantee much weaker Belgium, Italy, China or Serbia. With a few happy phrases it recommends that we pledge ourselves to a binding contract that forfeits a large measure of our own control over our policy in Europe and places it securely in the hands of the French Foreign office.

AUSTRIA lost the right to self-determination when the Peace Conference specifically denied her the privilege of uniting with Germany, no matter how overwhelmingly her people might vote for such a union. But even with so specific a provision the French Foreign Office seems dissatisfied. Not only do the French diplomats want to see Austria denied self-determination; they want her denied the right even to agitate for it. A Paris cable reports that they are now demanding a clause in the Austrian treaty forbidding any propaganda in favor of annexation to Germany. Particularly when coupled with a dispatch from Coblenz, arriving almost simultaneously, this proposal for restricting propaganda in Austria throws an interesting light on the politics of the French Foreign Office.

FOR the dispatch from Coblenz reports fresh activity on the part of the French propagandists who are trying to split the Rhine country away from Germany. The celebrated Dr. Dorten, drawing renewed inspiration from Paris, is again touring the Rhineland with promises of lighter indemnities and a friendly hand if only the people will see that it is to their advantage to break away from Germany. To the credit of our military command be it said that Dr. Dorten is barred from Coblenz and from the small territory held by American troops around that city. But in the much larger section held by their own army the French are scattering literature and commanding that the French language be taught in the elementary schools. Propaganda is a skillful weapon, and nowhere are its possibilities better realized than by the sophisticated statesmen who rule the Foreign Office on the Quai d'Orsay.

IF Hungary is rid of a Hapsburg monarch it seems still to be the Hapsburg influence that rules in Budapest. The new cabinet has been chosen by Stephen Friedrich, and Friedrich was himself Premier in the cabinet of the Archduke Joseph. Four other friends of Joseph's appear in important posts in the new government—and Friedrich speaks with regret of having "sacrificed the symbol of Christian Hungary in the person of the Archduke Joseph" and of a determination "to yield no further." If Friedrich intends to fight for reaction and even for the restoration of a monarchy everything is on his side. The Rumanians still occupy Budapest, pillaging despite all warnings of the Peace Conference; their troops are available for the snuffing out of any popular movement. So long as this foreign army is camped in Hungary the democratic protestations of the diplomats in Paris will have a mocking echo.

AMBASSADOR MORRIS is reported now to be urging recognition for the government of Admiral Kolchak at Omsk. But if Associated Press reports are correct the distinction of being first to recognize Kolchak has fallen to a fellow officer—General von der Goltz, rebel leader of the Germans in East Prussia who have been holding out for a return of the Kaiser. With forty thousand German troops von der Goltz is to march into Russia to relieve the pressure on Kolchak. Whether he proposes to call a Constituent Assembly we do not know. But doubtless he could make use of American munitions.

IT is interesting, in view of the reported recommendations of Ambassador Morris, to note that the tide of American opinion has begun to turn against Kolchak. During the week both the New York Globe and the World printed editorials on the question of recognition. The Globe said of Kolchak: "He failed to make the Russian people believe in him. He failed even to win the confidence of the Siberians at his rear. His failure is written large in his retreat, and is the cause, not the result, of the refusal of the Allies to send him help." And on Sunday the World declared: "The real weakness of Kolchak has come from the lack of support in Siberia and Russia. If he had succeeded in winning recognition among the people with whom he is in actual contact, it would have made little difference what attitude foreign governments assumed while waiting for further proof of his ability to establish a government. . . . It is recognition by Russia that Kolchak needs."

EVENTS in Bessarabia show how "the suppression of Bolshevism" can work out when it is managed by a foreign Power with an army. Bessarabia, a Russian province since 1812, adjoins Rumania on the northeast. After the Soviets came into power in Russia, Rumanian troops marched into this southern province with the declared purpose of preventing the westward spread of Bolshevism. Both General Presan, chief of the general staff headquarters of the Rumanian army, and General Bopesco, commander-in-chief, issued proclamations in January and February of 1918 declaring that troops would be used only to suppress Bolshevism and would be withdrawn from Bessarabia as soon as law and order had been reestablished in the province.

THESE promises of withdrawal have never materialized. On the contrary, after a long period of occupation, Rumania proclaimed the annexation of Bessarabia—a province never before under Rumanian rule. Recently the Bessarabians sent delegates to the Peace Conference, in protest against this action, and from Paris we are now receiving reports of the rule to which their country has been subjected. The Rumanian command, say these delegates, has abolished the Russian Zemstvos and municipalities. It has ordered all inhabitants to declare their allegiance to Rumania, under penalty of confiscation of property. And it has executed a number of the members of the popular assembly—and reduced the size of that body from 162

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members to 46, so as to limit it principally to delegates disposed to be obedient to Rumanian orders. All of this is supposed to be part of the necessary task of suppressing Bolshevism.

WHAT do the statesmen in Paris think of it? Bessarabia is a small land, whose claims it is hard to establish. No Allied statesman has publicly protested against the policy Rumania has adopted. But by a correspondent of the New York Times we are assured that the statesmen do not approve. "The representatives of the principal Allied Powers at Paris are said to have been very much disappointed, not to say displeased."

ON the military situation in South Russia—where both General Denikin and the Soviet commanders have claimed successes during the week—Major General Sir Frederick Maurice makes this statement: "Denikin's capture of Kamashin on the Volga was proclaimed as having brought him into communication with Kolchak's extreme left, and as having established a united anti-Bolshevik front on the east. Even if Denikin had been able to hold Kamashin, this united front was little more than a line on a map, as, owing to the absence of lateral communications, it had little military value. Now the Bolsheviki appear to have reinforced their troops on the Volga by detachments from their army which has defeated Kolchak, and even the line on the map has been broken. There now does not seem to be any prospect of Denikin and Kolchak being able to combine before the beginning of next summer." If before we lift the blockade we must await the results of a campaign that is not to be begun until the summer of 1920, how many more women and children will have been starved—partisans of neither Denikin nor Lenin?

ONE opportunity which Viscount Grey will find to clear away a cause of friction between Britain and America is presented in the case of those Hindu prisoners who are now facing deportation from this country. Against the tireless activity of British agents working for extradition the American Federation of Labor, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and other trade union bodies have protested. Asylum for political offenders has been part of the American tradition since the days the first colonists fled England to settle along the Coast. Viscount Grey is a man who may be expected to see that British funds and British agents working to subvert this principle will only imperil the friendship of our two countries.

THE negroes killed by mobs in Knoxville, Tenn., and Caldwell, Ga., had committed none of those crimes which ordinarily sentence a black man to mob justice. In Knoxville the mob [illegible] able to find its victim. So, after [illegible] ent to other parts of the [illegible] spected of nothing. In [illegible] led to the lynching. [illegible] Eli Cooper was taken [illegible] nob threw his body into a [illegible]. Against this anarchy and [illegible] ess to plead. While condi- [illegible] mid Congress refuses to take action. Perhaps there is not much it can do. But at least it could make lynching a federal crime—to be prosecuted by outside authorities and not by sympathizers and friends of the terrorists.

WITH the agreement of the Hippodrome management to grant the right of collective bargaining the striking actors in New York have won their first victory. It is uncertain whether the other managers will follow the lead of the Hippodrome or whether they will try to go ahead with non-union casts and stagehands. In either case we hope that the actors will not forget the start that they have made as their own producers. At the present time the Equity Association controls three theatres, and a Broadway production of "The School for Scandal" has been announced. If the managers agree to recognize the Equity Association the actors will have won their own victory. But not until the theatre is made more of a cooperative venture, rid of the censorship of the shrewd promoter, will the actors have won a real victory for the public.

MORE promising of relief from high prices than any of Mr. Palmer's plans for running down the occasional profiteer is the announcement that distributive centers for food and clothing are to be opened in thirty-six eastern cities by the National Cooperative Association. It will take a long time to build a national system of cooperatives, but with its principle of distribution on a cost basis the Association is proceeding toward inevitable success. A third of the people of England now buy food and clothing through cooperative organizations. No partnership would have a better chance of reducing prices than a new aggressive alliance between the National Cooperative Association and the forces of organized labor.

No Shirking of Responsibilities

IT is impossible that any living man who is capable of looking ahead in international affairs should regard the work of the peace makers at Paris as anything but a badly botched job. Whether by defect of intelligence or of will, they knocked together a peace which will have to be shored up indefinitely with the props of superior military force. But let us not forget that America shares the responsibility for the kind of peace that she is now asked to underwrite. It was very largely the uncertain attitude of the American people that encouraged the European diplomats to overreach themselves in the pursuit of nationalistic advantage. Plainly, therefore, America can not with a clear conscience follow the advice of Senator Knox and withdraw from the responsibility of signing the general treaty. That is a counsel of despair. It will be a grave misfortune if America is forced to accept the peace settlement without reservation or amendment. We see no reason why America must accept such a settlement. We are not a con-

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quered nation, bound to swallow whatever potion the Allied diplomats have brewed for us. But whatever happens to the treaty, whether it is amended or rejected altogether, the moral obligation to support the peace we have helped to make will continue to rest upon us.

Any other course would be practically certain to involve the world in a greater disaster than the late war. Today it appears, to be sure, that France and England and Italy hold undisputed sway over the destinies of Europe. The German military machine is junk; the Magyars have been reduced by war and revolution to impotence; Bulgaria is helpless and hopeless. A chain of outposts of French and British influence girdles the continent from the Black Sea and the Mediterranean to the Baltic: Rumania and Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Poland and the new Baltic states. They are like military garrisons in the heart of a subjugated land. All the visible forces in the whole of Europe are under the control of our European allies. But what of the forces below the surface? In Germany, in German Austria and Hungary, in Russia and even in the Ukraine, the great mass of the people feel, with good reason or with bad, that they have been cruelly wronged by the western powers. In Poland, Rumania and Czechoslovakia there are powerful national minorities that feel themselves still more cruelly wronged, and in addition, great classes that resent the policy of the western governments in supporting everywhere the aristocratic, reactionary factions against the masses. Europe east of the Rhine is to France and England a colossal embittered Ireland, with sporadic Ulsters scattered about. The western powers and the Ulsters hold the arms. But in the long run it is preponderance of population that will count most.

America redressed the balance of Europe; she will have to aid in keeping the balance, or all the work of the war is undone. That is the immediate prospect before us. The peace must be kept, and it can only be kept by force, not, let us hope, actively employed, but at least consciously held in reserve. It is a grave obligation, and it entails correlative rights, of which the most important is that our allies shall join with us in reducing to a minimum the risk that force will have to be employed actively. Where the peace settlement created new sores that refuse to heal within a reasonable time, the possibility of revision must be admitted. The Saar valley must not be permitted to become another Alsace Lorraine, inviting a war of revenge; the Austrian Tyrol must not be permitted to acquire the disastrous potency formerly exhibited by the unredeemed Italian territories; Rumania must not be permitted to inflict upon the Germans, Russians and Magyars within her new boundaries the same disabilities and discriminations that the Germans inflicted upon the Poles. America is bound to strive to maintain the peace, but she should not be required to labor against odds set by the very nations which most benefit by the peace.

When the project of the League was first broached it was hoped that the League would serve this very purpose, to abate new grievances created by a settlement imposed in the flush of victory as well as old grievances which had not yet matured into war. It is asserted by the apologists for the Paris conference that the League as organized will operate in this direction. If we could believe this confidently we should agree with those who demand the prompt ratification of the treaty as it stands, in spite of its manifold vices.

But as it appears to us, the proposed League would normally tend to aggravate the grievances that make for war; and only when war was imminent would it exert a pacifying influence by the threat of overwhelming force. The French may with impunity under the League colonize the Saar valley with a view to controlling the plebescite fifteen years hence. That would inevitably fire the zeal for revenge among the Germans. Thus the League would encourage a policy that makes for international hostility and war. Its influence for peace would be felt only when conditions had come to such a pass that it was necessary to suppress a movement toward war by the display of force.

It is true, the covenant endows the League with the power to take cognizance of conditions arising anywhere that threaten the peace of the world. It may take cognizance of them; it may discuss them; but in the meantime it is bound by Article X to protect its members in their possession of territories acquired no matter how and by a title no matter how valid. Nobody who has the least acquaintance with history can believe that Italy will forever remain in possession of the southern Tyrol, that Rumania will forever keep the Dobrudja, that Poland will forever hold the boundaries assigned by the peace conference. But the League covenant guarantees these possessions, absolutely. How absurd, it is, then, to affirm that the League can work effectively to abate the causes of war. Here are three manifest causes, and the League is stopped from touching them.

Or take another inst[illegible] agreed to return Shantung to [illegible] be determined by Jap[illegible] the League is boun[illegible] possession. But supp[illegible] the time for restoratio[illegible] Shall the League move i[illegible] tion of Shantung endang[illegible]

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the case will fall within the competence of the League. If it does not become an acute danger, if the Chinese hope for justice while remaining pacific, how can the jurisdiction of the League be stretched to cover the case?

Take the matter of indefinite indemnities. The imposition of such indemnities, it is admitted on every hand, was unmixed folly. They were devised solely to save the face of Lloyd George who had promised the British voters more money out of Germany than was possibly to be had. Those indemnities are bound to exert upon German energies an effect analogous to that exerted upon the energies of an individual by the circulation of blank checks bearing his signature. They discourage constructive effort and clear the way for dreaming and scheming. And what are we to suppose that Germans dream and scheme about? Clearly, the indefinite indemnity ought to be done away with. But under what provision of the covenant could that be done, without the consent of England and other supposititious beneficiaries of German economic decay?

We believe that the League as organized by the Paris conference has little or no potency for mending the defects of the present peace or any earlier settlement. On the contrary, by its provision that the whole force of the League shall be deployed in defence of the status quo, however unjust, the covenant suppresses every tendency there may be in international affairs to mend themselves. It encourages nations holding lands by morally defective titles to stand upon the letter of their rights, instead of inclining toward conciliation. It is folly for America to underwrite an international arrangement which does not abate the causes of strife, but rather insures their accumulation until the whole structure of peace totters under their weight. America ought to make it plain that she does not guarantee the status quo, but that in each case as it arises, she will intervene only to defend a sister nation against substantial injustice. If another member of the League pursues a provocative policy, let it be understood that America is not bound to stand between that nation and the consequences of its acts.

That, some will say, is the effect of the covenant as it is understood by its makers. It is not the effect of the covenant as it reads, with Article X unexpunged. And America would be the most deluded of nations if she failed to make the letter of the covenant correspond with her conception of the obligation she is ready to undertake.

Amending the covenant is amending the treaty and that is inconvenient. Who knows? Perhaps all the other nations would seek to introduce amendments, and perhaps the resulting confusion could be resolved only by a reassembling of the conference, with a revised personnel. That would be a huge inconvenience. But after all, it would be insignificant as compared with a reassembling of the armies of the world, to mend the work that the peace conference bungled. Yet the world may be forced to this disastrous inconvenience, if in despair of improvement the Senate either ratifies the treaty as it stands or repudiates our responsibility for the peace of the world.

Our Duty to Armenia

HONEST men may differ as to practically every point in the European settlement. There are two sides to the Sarre valley question, to the Fiume question, to the Teschen and Dantzig questions. There are two sides to the indemnity question, to the Russian question. They are in each case a better and a worse, and it is difficult for us to comprehend how so many men whose integrity we recognize and whose intelligence we respect should choose what looks to us plainly the worse side. Nevertheless, that happens. But in the case of Armenia it is impossible to admit that there can be honest differences of opinion as to the end to be realized, the final termination of the insane regime of Turkish brutality. Read even the most carefully expurgated account of the outrages of the last five years; examine even the least shocking photographs of Armenian mothers with their ribs all but breaking through the skin, cowering over their babies already dead from starvation so far as their minds are concerned and only a flicker of life in their misshapen bones—can you do it without reaching a determination that all this must be stopped once for all? If you can, you are to be congratulated for one thing. You have no soul to be damned.

It must stop. Nothing but the sheer impossibility of saving Armenia could absolve Christendom from the guilt, if Armenia must continue to suffer as she has suffered ever since the Turks enslaved her. At that remote time Christendom was helpless to save Armenia. Western Europe was sufficiently occupied in blocking the Turkish design of universal dominion. But today the Turk is numbered among the weakest of the military nations. His present status is that of a convict awaiting sentence before the court of Christendom. Shall he live at all? In his own proper domain, yes, where he shall be required to live by his own labor. But shall he retain his prerogatives of slave owner, or even the faintest shadow of suzerainty over a people he has outraged so vilely and cruelly as the Armenians? To permit that would be the

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blackest disgrace in which civilized governments have ever been involved. Rome under Nero would hardly have been so callous to an alien people's agony as to permit such a rule as that of the Turk to survive.

But there are complications, say the men who pretend to expertness in the entanglements of world diplomacy. To cut Armenia away from the rest of the Turkish empire might cause unrest in the whole Mohammedan world. It might arouse to fury the Caliph's devotees in Morocco, Tripoli, Egypt and India. It might indeed. Are we ready to buy a brief period of surface tranquility in Europe's Mohammedan possessions at the price of Armenian lives? But the whole of Asia Minor it is suggested might be handled as a single mandate, with order everywhere assured by a western power. Thus Armenians might live in peace anywhere in the whole territory. So they might, temporarily. But are we anticipating a mandate of perpetual tenure? That would be to fly in the face of history. No regime perpetuates itself except it grows from the soil. In the end Asia Minor will be ruled from Asia Minor. Either the late subject peoples will rule the Turks or the Turks will reassert their rule over the subject peoples, unless the territory is divided and each people assembles within its natural limits. Immunity from outrage for the scattered Armenian communities is only a palliative. There can be no cure short of fixing boundaries within which the Armenians may assemble, build up an independent civil life and lay a foundation for defending themselves with their own resources against the next crisis in Levantine history. There are enough of them, despite the massacres of recent years, to accomplish independent statehood. They are competent to conduct their own civil affairs. Give them a decade of peace, and they will be powerful enough to resist the attacks of any enemy within reach of their homes.

But what nation is willing to undertake this obligation of all civilized mankind, to help Armenia to her feet? The Armenians themselves would choose America. Any European power might be suspected of a desire to advance its own material interests in that quarter. It might fall under the suspicion of imperialistic designs if it chose to make haste slowly in creating a regime of Armenia for the Armenians. America has no interests or designs in Asia Minor. If America accepted the mandate there could be no doubt whatever that her purpose would remain to make her services dispensable at the earliest possible moment.

It is sometimes urged that the burden of restoring Armenia would be heavy. Possibly forty thousand men would be needed to police the country and prevent Turkish incursions; possibly four hundred millions of dollars would have to be spent in organizing Armenian civil administration and preparing the way for economic reconstruction. Double the figures, if you please. What other country is in a better position to meet these charges than America? Could America raise volunteers for the purpose? She is now successfully enlisting volunteers for the support of Kolchak in Siberia. Now accept, if you must, all the official propaganda whitening the cause of Kolchak and blackening that of the opposing faction. Is the appeal of the Russian counter revolution so cogent with you as that of perishing Armenia? And would the appeal be so cogent with the kind of young Americans who burned with the desire to avenge the wrongs of Belgium?

We should enter upon an Armenian mandate not without risk of financial burdens, and not without graver risks of finding ourselves compromised with the old diplomacy. We have already burned our fingers in that fire. History will record that America played an inglorious part in the matter of Russia. Professing lofty ideals of democracy and self-determination, America let herself be enlisted on the side of autocracy and aggression. We meant well in Russia; we wrought only mischief there. We are still wreaking mischief. Our seaworthiness on the high seas of old world diplomacy will have been proved only when we exhibit the intelligence and decency to get out of Russia, and withhold all support, moral and material, from either faction in the Russian civil war. If our altruistic enterprises abroad must turn out in that way, we had better stay at home. If British or French or Italian diplomacy is to continue to pull the wool over our eyes and guide our steps to their purposes, not ours nor those of humanity, then it would manifestly be better to persuade Britain or France or Italy to take the mandate for Armenia. Even in that case we ought to insist upon sharing any financial burden that the rehabilitation of Armenia may involve. The rescue of Armenia is our business, as it is that of every other civilized people. The obligation rests with especial weight upon us, because we alone of the great nations have the resources to spare for the undertaking. If our government can not be trusted to live up to the ideals of the American people, then let us throw our votes in favor of a more competent mandatary. But in that event, let us not imagine that we can wash our hands of the responsibility for Armenia's fate. If we fail at this juncture to vindicate Armenia's right to freedom we shall never again persuade the world that our moral sentiments are anything but empty rhetoric playing over a gulf of selfishness and sloth.

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The Market for Votes

TWO months ago there was not much to justify a guess that the two-party control of American politics by the Democrats and Republicans was in any danger of being broken. But the last eight weeks have brought surprising developments. The presentation of the Plumb Plan, the rumor of a similar proposal to come from the coal miners, the threat of a steel strike, the calling of a convention to found a national labor party, the sudden vigorous protest of all classes against high prices —such factors raise a doubt about the security of the old parties' position. What voting groups are today as firmly anchored in their allegiance as they have regularly been in the past?

The Solid South, of course, has not wavered. The partnership of the Solid South and the Democratic Party is the bedrock of our two-party political system. To disturb that partnership there would be required nothing less than an actual recognition by the Southern politicians of the Constitution of the United States. Many other things will happen first. Trade unionism may ultimately prove to be the factor that will give the negroes votes; but trade unionism in the South is still in its early stages. Certainly so far as the next campaign is concerned the Solid South will stay solidly Democratic, no matter who is nominated to lead the party, and no matter for what it stands.

As a balance to the Solid South the Republicans can of course count on the support of the northern conservatives. These voters are manufacturers and business men who follow Lodge and Harding and Penrose and similar leaders in various sections of the country. They are, on the whole, a little more discriminating in their loyalty than the regulars in the South. They would accept almost any Republican nominee, but they would feel themselves entitled to insist upon exceptions. Governor Lowden or Senator Harding would do, or even someone as far to the left as Nicholas Murray Butler. But go much farther than that and the Republican Party would have no campaign fund.

The Solid South and the Conservative North are easily enough placed. What of the other large groups of voters? In recent campaigns there has been only one group about whose party loyalty it was possible to have any doubt. This group was made up of the "progressives," and the "progressives" alone thought it proper to ask the old-party leaders to bid for their support. The farmers, the industrial workers and the salaried middle classes never voted as a group. In effect they regarded the vote primarily as a ceremonial function, from which not a great deal more was to be expected than the election of a friend or a favorite, and ordinarily they divided between Democrats and Republicans so as to cancel the votes of their own class—with no genuine economic issue at stake in the outcome.

What we see today is an increasingly coherent demand, from these three groups, that political action be used to achieve definite economic reforms. The salaried middle classes are demanding governmental action to reduce the cost of living. They may be persuaded, but persuaded only for a time, that a policy of watchful waiting plus the prosecution of a stray profiteer and a new set of restrictive laws will help them. What the farmers are asking, not only in North Dakota but through their granges in other parts of the country, is political action that will bring a freer extension of rural credits and the establishment of publicly controlled warehouses and grain elevators. Different groups of industrial workers also have aims that only political power can achieve. The Plumb Plan is of course the obvious case. But the various demands of the Chicago Federation of Labor and of the Central Federated Union of New York—for public ownership of utilities, a national eight-hour day, etc.—all require political action for their realization. It is significant that even in the case of disputes ordinarily settled by the strike—the present dispute in the steel industry, for instance —the workers are now organized on so vast a scale that they feel it necessary first to try political intercession before they resort to their own method of direct action.

In a political situation so unsettled, with genuine economic issues (as distinguished from "the full dinner pail,") being pushed to the fore, it is possible to count as certain only one fact: neither of the two old parties will be able to go very far toward bidding the price that the farmers and the industrial workers and the salaried middle classes are now asking. For both old parties are too closely associated in leadership and funds with the status quo. Democrats and Republicans can offer the salaried middle classes investigations and prosecutions; but they cannot go in for a cooperative system of distribution. They can give the farmers a limited scheme of rural credits, and appropriate funds for experiments in seeds; but they cannot experiment with a system in which grain elevators and warehouses and refrigerator cars are made public utilities. They can give the industrial workers assurance that labor is not a commodity; but they can never put through a national eight-hour day or a national minimum wage or a Plumb Plan. What is the result going to be? One of two things, probably. Either a new political coalition will be built between industrial workers, farmers and salaried middle classes. Or, disillusioned with politi-

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cal action as expressed in the existing parties, these groups will fall back on their own means of direct action and of profiteering at the expense of every one else.

Ratification as a Panacea

IT goes without saying that the sooner the treaty is ratified, the better, provided that the quality of the work of revision and elucidation is not sacrificed. The world is gaining nothing from the retention in prison camps of the hundreds of thousands of captive Germans, Austrians and Magyars. America is gaining nothing through the prolonged incarceration of its conscientious objectors and other political prisoners. Demobilization can not be completed, the waste of public money can not be checked so long as a state of war continues, even nominally. And no doubt a considerable volume of commercial transactions are held up pending the official conclusion of peace. Ratification will produce all manner of effects, and we have no desire to underestimate their importance. But let us not fall into the opposite error of imputing to ratification the value of a mystical panacea. The prices of meat and milk and bread are high, and the treaty has not been ratified. The President seems to assume that prices will come down upon the ratification of the treaty. We wonder why.

If we were suffering under a slump in prices the argument that ratification would help us to recovery would be much more plausible. Europe is buying our products on credit, and it will be many months before she can make extensive purchases on any other basis. Neither public nor private credit prospers under conditions of uncertainty. In so far as the delay in ratification increases uncertainty it interferes with the marketing of our goods. The President himself has pointed out the effect on the demand for lead and copper of the reluctance to buy on the part of European consumers. No doubt less cotton and wheat and meat products are sent abroad than would be sent if European credit were better. But can anyone explain why we at home should expect to buy these things at lower prices if the scarcity of them were aggravated through more liberal exportation?

Ratification will make for higher prices, rather than lower: that is the common sense of it. Few men who realize what a sudden slump in prices would do to our industrial life would regret this effect. But not too much is to be expected from ratification, even in this direction. Uncertainty about the final act of ratifying peace is after all one of the least grave of the factors depressing European credit.

International peace will not restore the public credit of France or Italy, inadequately supported by such revenue measures as are politically practicable; neither will it restore the public credit of Germany, laboring under an indefinite burden of indemnity. The credit of hosts of private business concerns in practically every European country can be restored only when a satisfactory modus vivendi between capital and labor has been attained. Anyone who wishes to do business with Eastern or Southeastern Europe must assume heavy risks, for a long period to come. No peace treaty can quiet the nationalistic and class dissensions that are raging in Russia, Poland and the territories of the late Dual Empire.

What the assassination at Sarajevo let loose upon the world was at the same time war and revolution. The war may be wound up by the signing and ratification of treaties, but revolution is not thus to be disposed of. It proceeds on its course of reorganization of political and social tissue, now by open violence, now by unconscious readjustments, whatever the diplomats may do or fail to do.

No doubt there is a close relation between the international settlement and the greater or less extreme of revolutionary ferment. A bad peace might be expected to reinforce revolution by enlisting desperate national fragments in the struggle against order, as a good peace might be expected to consolidate the forces of order. How then are we to explain the zeal of those who would press for ratification without waiting to make such improvements in the world settlement as may still be feasible? They have made a mystic panacea out of the word peace, instead of fixing their minds upon the conditions that must be realized if peace is to be more than a hollow sound.

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Militarism in China

"THE effect of the decision of the Allies at the Peace Conference to guarantee the claims of Japan strengthens the hold of the militarist party upon the Chinese government and also increases the hold which a neighboring militarist country has upon the determination of Chinese policies." This sentence, with slight verbal changes, can be found over and over again in every liberal paper in China. It comes with a shock to an American who has learned to identify China with inveterate pacifism, and who, under the tutelage of Mr. Roosevelt, believes that Chinafication and supine pacifism are synonymous. China a militarist country? Impossible!

A few statistics may be cited. At the present time, the Chinese government is supporting an army of a million and three hundred thousand at the lowest estimate. And China does not have conscription. This is a paid, standing, professional army. And China sent no troops to Europe and trained no troops to go there. The nearest approach to the war zone was connected with the propaganda for intervention in Siberia after the Russian debacle. Nor is the civil war in China anything more than nominal at present, and in any case the great mass of soldiers never had part in it. From the standpoint of the size of its standing army, then, China, is not "Chinafied."

The budget of China tells the same story. The central government spent for ordinary military purposes last year two hundred and ten millions of dollars and for "extraordinary" purposes thirty millions more. Percentages are even more eloquent. This amount is fifty per cent of the entire annual expenditures of the government. And since the total income of the nation, barring loans, is but three hundred and seventy millions, this means that sixty-five per cent of the total state income goes to the army. Figuring still another way, leaving payments for interest on the national debt out of account, China spent almost twice as much for military purposes as for all other ends put together, fifty times as much as she spent, from the side of the central government, for schools and six times as much as the central government and all the provinces together spent for public education. Moreover China is now spending, in the eighth year of the republic, much more than twice as much on the army as was spent in the last year of the Manchu dynasty. These facts do not point to undue addiction to pacifism.

Still, something more than large military expenses are needed to justify calling a government militaristic. For the term implies a subordination of civil to military control in political affairs generally. This is a matter which cannot be settled by statistics; but it is this matter even more than the size and expense of the army which is referred to in the sentence quoted at the beginning of the article. This militarism goes back to the earlier days of the republic, especially to the ambitions of Yuan Shi-Kai. It is hardly a coincidence that the leaders in present Chinese policies are former lieutenants and disciples of the "strong man" who attempted to convert the fruits of the revolution into a family perquisite of a new imperial dynasty. But in its present form it dates actively from two years ago, and particularly from conditions connected with China's declaration of war against Germany. Quite likely the full history of this episode cannot as yet be written by any one. But even a tyro in Chinese history like the present writer may report certain facts which could not be stated and which were not stated in the West—and in the Far East only under the breath—when the war was still on. And the outstanding fact with respect to the growth of militarism is that its present swollen fortunes date from the circumstances under which China entered the war on the side of the Allies. And if this fact is not brought out in books dealing with the recent years of Chinese history it is partly because the writers were so interested in the righteous cause of the Allies that they hardly allowed themselves to perceive the fact, and partly because to have dwelt upon this fact while the war was still going on would have been pro-German in effect, to say nothing of subjecting writers to the charge of promoting German intrigue.

One does not have to go far to find explanations for the opposition in China to entering the war. There existed every reason that operated to bring about the delay on the part of the United States —except the presence of a large population of German descent—and there was in addition a genuine fear of German victory and subsequent German reprisals of whose nature China had already had sufficient warning. Moreover the German nationals in China were upon the whole more popular personally than those of any other country unless perhaps those of the United States. For however arrogant Germany was as a nation, Germans taken individually were sufficiently bent on successful business to be unassuming, friendly, and attentive to native wishes and customs. Against all the reasons for not declaring war against Germany there were in fact but two intrinsic reasons

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for so doing. A portion of the genuinely liberal and republican sentiment of China was truly convinced after the United States entered the war that the war was between democracy and autocracy; between a new, just, international order which would guarantee the rights of weak nations, and the old, rapacious, nationalistic imperialism. Thus the historic humanitarian idealism of China actually urged liberal China into the war. Self-interest pointed in the same direction, for participation in the war would give China representation at the peace board, permit her to present her claims for the restoration of Shantung, and in general enable her to start even as a partner in the new international ordering of diplomacy which so many, besides the Chinese, ardently believed in, only two years ago. Immediately after the United States broke off diplomatic relations with Germany, China followed, the Cabinet and Parliament acting in unison. This was done in direct response to the invitation of President Wilson and China was the first nation to make a favorable response.

Then followed weeks and months of intrigue before China on August 14th finally declared war against Germany. What took place during those months was, first, the displacement of the American auspices evident in a severance of relations early in February by Japanese auspices; and, secondly, the struggle between the Premier, Tuan Chi-Jui, and Parliament—a struggle ending in the forced dissolution of Parliament and in the outbreak of the still unhealed civil strife between the North and the South. The extent of the diplomatic defeat of the United States by Japan is seen in the fact that on June 7th a warning was communicated to China from the United States that the entrance of China into war was a " secondary consideration " compared with the reestablishment of a tranquil and united China, while on June 12th a mandate was issued at the dictation of military leaders and with the approval of the Japanese legal adviser dissolving Parliament. The immediate outcome was the farcical restoration for ten days of the Manchu boy Emperor. The final outcome was the ousting of President Li, and the defeat, through the coerced dissolution of Parliament, of Constitutionalism, and the beginnings of a civil war which in turn played into the hands of the militaristic cliques.

For the Premier was then, as he is still though now out of political office, the head of the militarist, anti-constitutional and anti-parliamentary faction. The liberal Parliament, which, whatever its defects, was still devoted to republican constitutionalism, grew more and more lukewarm in the cause of breaking irreparably with Germany. Ready to follow promptly in the wake of the United States when American and democratic prestige seemed to be uppermost, it hesitated when diplomatic leadership went over to the Japanese, and when it came to believe that the Cabinet was not thinking so much of the defeat of Germany as of an excuse for building up an army and a military regime which would insure their own continued power.

By one of the ironies of fate, the militarist and anti-democratic factions became the professed spokesmen of the Allies, and a constitutionally inclined Parliament was put in the position of being pro-German. The wheat and the tares were so mixed that even the liberally minded foreign press, tired of the delay and intriguing, welcomed the " strong " action of Tuan Chi-Jui in dissolving Parliament simply because it hastened the day when China was officially arrayed with the Allies and when German commercial interests would get a hard if not fatal blow in the Far East. When one sees how wrong was foreign liberal sentiment —with a few notable exceptions—in the case of the Yuan Shi-Kai adventure in imperialism and again how wrong it was in the inception of the regime they are now all cursing, in spite in both cases of the warnings of liberal native Chinese thought, one receives a marked lesson in the extent to which Chinese events have been interpreted to the world in the light of supposed foreign interests, and how little consideration has been given to the actual effect of the events in question upon the development and destiny of China itself. One sometimes wonders that the Chinese have retained any faith in the political intelligence of the foreign interpreter of her contemporary history.

At present the militaristic faction whose power was confirmed by the happenings of the summer of 1917 is still in control of the government. There is no doubt that all its members are patriotic enough to have welcomed the restoration of Shantung. But still human nature is human nature, and they have also welcomed the demonstration offered at Paris that might still makes right in the case of weak nations, so that in a strange and subtle way the diplomatic victory of Japan in particular and of imperialism in general has been a vindication of their own anti-democratic and militaristic policy. If the humanitarian international and democratic ideals profusely proclaimed in the war had been realized at Paris, no observer in China doubts that a vast domestic political realignment would already have taken place. The demonstration that national self-interest was on the side of the democracies of the world would have had an irresistible reflex effect upon domestic policies. And few doubt that the realization of this fact was, in addition to the concrete economic advantages at

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stake in Shantung, one of the reasons why Japan was so insistent at Paris. While her newspapers exaggerated in saying that her national existence was involved in securing a diplomatic victory, the exaggeration covered the fact that her diplomatic defeat, following upon the collapse of autocratic Germany, would have ended for the time being the prestige of militarism in the Far East, and compelled a reconsideration of home policies in China and of foreign policy in Japan. This moral reverberation seems to have been completely ignored at Paris and it may be doubted whether it is receiving the attention it deserves in Washington.

The specific signs of the continuance of the militarist regime in China are many. In the provinces the Tu-chuns military governors still override civil governors and interests and sacrifice the crying need for education and better transportation to the pelf and power that go with command of a large number of troops. In remote provinces they encourage the growth of opium either for direct revenue or for levying hardly disguised blackmail. They discourage the development of natural resources in mines and manufacturing because their cohorts give them an effective power to demand a large interest in the business. In spite of the universal desire for reconciliation between the North and South, the militarists on both sides (and it would be a great mistake to think they are confined to the North) block all final settlement. The last few weeks have seen the beginnings of a mysterious adventure in Mongolia and an attempt of a Tu-chun to obtain a virtual dictatorship of the three Manchurian provinces. But, especially, it is militarist control which keeps China in a condition that invites and rewards foreign intrigue and secret unacknowledged interventions.

No observer thinks that the present condition can last a great while longer. The equilibrium is too uncertain. No sensible person attempts to prophesy what the nature of the change will be when it comes. But if the reader will return to the statistics given early in the article he will note that at present the expenses of China exceed its available income by one hundred and twenty millions a year. This means, of course, borrowing money—and when China borrows money she borrows it from some foreign nation by pledging some definite asset. In other words, cut down the army one-half and China's accounts balance. Continue the present army, and the responsibility lies with some foreign nation or group of nations through the loans it—or they—are willing to make for an army which is not and will not be a source of strength to China abroad, and which is eating up China at home. In the case of the continuation of China's militarism, the economic interpretation of history is more than ordinarily obvious. Hence it is hardly prophecy to say that what happens next in China will be determined by financial considerations, and that the decision is in the hands of those who have the power to control the making of loans. As long, however, as some one nation can serve its own interests by making loans, the situation cannot be adequately met on the part of other nations by merely a laissez-faire policy of declining to make loans. Something positive is needed.

Peking, July 28th. JOHN DEWEY.

Okura Sees Newport

OKURA was sent to me by Bill Owen, a friend of mine in Japan. Bill said that Okura was taking two years off to study democracy, and would I steer him around. I was delighted. I offered Okura his choice of the great democratic scene, with myself as obedient personal conductor. He was very nice about it in his perfect silver-and-gray manner, and he asked if we could begin with Newport. I suspected a joke but his eye never twinkled, and so to Newport we went.

The dirty little Newport railway station interested Okura. So did the choked throat of Thames Street, with its mad crush of motors and delivery wagons and foot passengers, and the riotous journey from the meat market to the book shop and from the chemist's to the Boston Store. I explained to Okura that this was not really Newport, only a small sample of the ordinary shopping country town, with the real exquisiteness of Newport tucked away behind. Okura clucked an acceptance of this remark, and our car wove its difficult way through the narrow lane till we turned to Bellevue Avenue.

The name Bellevue Avenue had to be expounded to Okura. He expected a belle vue, not a good plain plutocratic American street. When I told him what to expect, however, he was intensely occupied with its exhibition of assorted architecture, and he broke into open comment. "So very charming," he cried politely, "So like postcards of Milwaukee by the lake!" I enjoyed his naïve enthusiasm and let it go.

He wanted to know who lived on the avenue, and I told him all the names I could think of. He had heard many of them, the samurai of America being known to him as a matter of course, and he picked up new crumbs of information with obvious gratitude.

"Vanderbilt? Oh, yes." That was old. So were Astor and Belmont.

After a while Okura wrinkled his brow. "I do not see the McAlpin mansion."

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"The McAlpins? I have never heard of them," I murmured indulgently.

"But that is one name I think I remember correctly," Okura answered with visible anxiety. "The Bellevue-Astors, the Bellevue-Belmonts, the Bellevue-Stratfords? Please forgive me, I do not understand. Are not the McAlpins also Bellevue-McAlpins?"

It was hard to convince Okura that this was not a Valhalla of hotel proprietors, but at last he got it straight. We went back again as far as the Casino, and I took him in to see the tennis tournament.

Unknown to Okura, I was forced to take seats up rather far—well, to be frank, among the Jamestown and Saunderstown people. But happily we had Newport in the boxes right below us. Some of the ladies sat facing the tennis, some sat with their backs to it, and a great buzz of conversation reverberated under the roof of the stand and billowed on to the court. On the court two young men strove against each other with a skill hardly to be matched in any other game, and occasionally, when something eccentric or sensational happened, a ripple passed through the crowd. But the applause was irregular. People had to be watched and pointed out. It was important to note which human oyster bore the largest pearl. The method of entry and exit was significant, and significant the whole ritual of being politely superior to the game.

Okura was fascinated by the game, unfortunately, and there was so much conversation he was rather distracted.

"I hope it does not annoy you?" I asked him.

"Oh, not at all, thank you very much. It is so democratic!"

At this point the umpire got off his perch, and came forward to entreat the fine ladies.

"I have asked you before to keep quiet," he wailed. "For God's sake, will you stop talking"

"How very interesting," murmured Okura.

"Yes," I said, "the religious motif."

"Ah, yes!" he nodded, very gravely.

Later on his compatriot Kumagae was to play and we decided to return to the tournament, but first we took ourselves to Bailey's Beach.

Bailey's Beach is a small section of the Atlantic littoral famous for its seaweed. The seaweed is of a lovely dark red color. It is swept in in large quantities, together with stray pieces of melon-rind and other picnic remnants, and it forms a thick juicy carpet through which one wades out to the more fluid sea. By this attractive marge sit the ladies in their wide hats and dresses of filmy lace, watching the more adventurous sex pick his way out of the vegetable matter. In the pavilion of the bath-houses sit still less adventurous groups.

It took some time to explain to Okura why this beach, once devoted to the collection of seaweed for manure, should now be dedicated to bathing. But he grasped the main point, that it was a private beach.

"Forgive me," he said, "I see no Jews."

"That's all right," I answered. "You are studying democracy. There are no Jews here. None allowed."

"Oh!" he digested the fact. Then his eye brightened. "Ah, you have your geisha girls at the swim-beach. How very charming!"

"No," I corrected him. "Those are not our geisha girls. That is the 'shimmy set.' You know, people who are opposed to the daylight saving act and the prohibition amendment."

"Oh, I understand. Republicans," he nodded happily.

As the Servants' Hour was approaching at Bailey's Beach, and as I had no good explanation to give of it to Okura, I thought we might walk along by the ocean before lunch. Okura was entranced by the walk, and by the fact that it ran in front of these private houses, free to the public as to the wind. Once or twice we went down below stone walls, with everything above hidden from us, but this was exceptional. Okura thought the walk a fine example of essential democracy.

"And what are those long tubes" he asked, as we gazed out toward Portugal.

"Sewer pipes," I said bluntly, looking at the great series of excretory organs that these handsome democratic mansions push into the sea.

"Are they considered beautiful?" asked Okura.

"Quite," I told him. "They are one of the features provided strictly for the public."

"So kind!" said the acquiescent Japanese.

We went to lunch with a friend of mine whose plutocracy was not entirely intact, and but for one instructive incident it was an ordinary civilized meal. That incident, however, shall live long in my memory because of my inability to interpret it to Okura.

We had just finished melon, the six of us who sat down, when the third man was called to the telephone.

He came back napkin in hand and said to his hostess, "I'm awfully sorry, I've got to leave."

His hostess looked apprehensive. "I hope it's nothing serious?"

"Oh, not at all; please don't worry," he responded, plumping down his napkin, "but I've just had a message from Mrs. V—," naming one of the hotel dynasties. "She's a man short and she wants me to come over to luncheon. So long. Awfully sorry!"

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"What did that mean, please?" Okura inquired, as we hurried back to see Kumagae play.

"Do you mean, democratically?"

"Yes."

"I give it up," I retorted.

"But Mr. Owen said you would want to interpret everything democratic to me," Okura ventured on, "and is there not some secret here hidden from me? I fear I am very stupid."

Democratically, I repeated dully, I could not explain.

"But," pressed Okura, "'the world has been made safe for democracy'. I want so much to understand it. I fear I do not yet understand Newport."

And he looked at me with his innocent eyes.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

The Coal Question in Great Britain

COAL is the key industry of Great Britain in more senses than one. It forms the basis of production at home and of the export trade; but it is even more important at the present time as the centre of the labor struggle. The controversy which is now in progress in connection with the mining industry is in reality a controversy over the whole future basis of British industry. The point at issue is not only whether the coal mines are to be nationalized or not, but whether the principle of national ownership is to be accepted as the principle which is applicable to vital industries and services as a whole. That is why, although the immediate issue affects primarily the coal industry, the whole forces of both capitalism and labor are being gradually drawn into the conflict.

The Sankey Report resulted in a pronouncement by a majority of the members of the Coal Commission, including the eminent lawyer who was its Chairman, in favor of nationalization of coal mines. As soon as it became clear that the volume and cumulative effect of the evidence in favor of nationalization could not be ignored, the capitalist interests directly affected determined to exert all their strength in opposition. A temporary propagandist body, the Coal Association, was called into being, and this body received warm support from capitalists in other industries, especially among the iron and steel, engineering and shipbuilding magnates. Mr. Arthur Balfour (not the Secretary for Foreign Affairs), a member of the commission, suddenly changed his mind. Having signed the Chairman's Interim Report in favor of nationalization or unification, he became convinced that the present system must be maintained at all costs, and joined his fellow employers in their final report. Sir Allan Smith, the Chairman of the Engineering Employers' Federation, as well as the cleverest of the mineowners' leaders, Sir Adam Ninimo, were put onto the commission, and it became clear that there would be no compromise on the employers' side.

At the same time, the Coal Association launched its propagandist campaign. Pamphlets, at most unremunerative low prices, were issued, and were eagerly pushed by the big railway bookstalls which, here as elsewhere, showed a marked preference for the literature of reaction. In these pamphlets it was pointed out most clearly that the arguments in favor of nationalizing the mines largely applied to other industries also, and that the whole basis of capitalist industrialism was under menace. Pamphlets, however, cannot reach a very wide circle, and at the same time an enormous press campaign was undertaken. Space was bought at high rates throughout the provincial press, and a swarm of articles directed against nationalization began to appear in every newspaper which was willing to accept them.

The struggle was also waged in the political sphere, both openly in Parliament and still more fiercely behind the scenes. The Parliament elected last December is, to all intents and purposes, the "executive committee for administering the affairs of the whole capitalist class" anticipated in the Communist Manifesto, and this body threw itself, under orders, wholeheartedly into the task of demonstrating the impossibility of carrying any program of nationalization through the present Parliament. The ambiguous and tentative proposals of the government's Ways and Communications bill were ruthlessly hacked about in order to prevent even the smallest element of nationalization from being introduced; and when the Electricity bill made its appearance, it was speedily subjected to the same treatment, until both measures were successfully reduced to the form of control by the state acting under the advice of business interests. Again and again, the government surrendered to these assaults, and conceded to the business representatives the whole substance of what they asked.

Behind the scenes, every form of pressure was being applied to persuade the government to declare roundly against nationalization in all its forms. This, however, in face of the attitude of the miners and the railwaymen, the government dared not do openly; and, whatever may have been said privately to the capitalist leaders, the government will still say no more publicly than that it has not yet made up its mind. This is bad enough; for the government definitely promised during the general election that it would nationalize the rail-

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ways, and Mr. Lloyd George only averted a national coal strike by a very definite promise to accept the findings of the Coal Commission. It is, however, more than doubtful whether, even if it wished to do so, the government could carry a proposal to nationalize the coal mines through the House of Commons.

The plain fact is that Mr. Lloyd George and his government have delivered themselves, bound hand and foot, into the hands of the business interests, and that the business interests have definitely made up their minds to fight. There is a growing tendency in capitalist circles to say that the great struggle with Labor is bound to come, and that it had better come soon than later.

The coal situation has thus become the " token " issue of the day. The huge strength of the Miners' Federation, by far the strongest trade union in the world, and the vital character of the industry affected, make the struggle significant far beyond its direct bearing on the situation. To mere nationalization such violent objection might not be taken, were it not for two things—first, that the example once set is certain to be followed in other cases, and secondly, that it is clear that the miners will not be content with bureaucratic nationalization, but will insist on exercising a real share in control. The contagious example of workers' control is feared even more in capitalist circles than the contagion of national ownership; for nationalization, with the present government, would certainly carry with it compensation on a generous scale, while control menaces the whole structure of capitalism, financial as well as industrial.

In this struggle of Capitalism and Labor, the consumer, though often mentioned, is not too often fully considered. The government has no scruple in suddenly imposing a six shillings per ton advance in the price of coal, from motives transparently connected with political bye-elections and the " rigging " of public opinion against the miners. The miners, on the other hand, while I believe that public service, and therefore the consumers' interest, forms a real motive on their part, are less concerned with the immediate interest of the coal consumer under capitalism, than with a radical transformation of the social order. Material motives, no doubt, and quite naturally, play a considerable part in their minds; for the myth of the miners' wealth is far removed from reality. But when other motives come into play, the consumers' immediate interests can hardly be served to the full; for the whole tendency of the modern labor revolt leads, for the present, to a dislocation of industry, and can only lead to its restoration to full efficiency of service after the dislocation has become more complete. While private ownership continues to exist, it is hardly possible to doubt that efficiency will continue to decrease, as dissatisfaction grows and unrest becomes more bitter. Nationalization may, or may not, offer an immediate solution. Probably it does not, but it at least affords the only possible basis on which a solution can be subsequently found.

The consumer, then, has to make up his mind, for the moment, to an unpleasant time. Capitalist interests are fighting, without any regard to his interests, for the retention of their power. Labor, more regardful for him in the long run, is forced into the position of being unable to do so until it has enforced a change of system. The consumer has to make up his mind where he stands. Either he must join the interests in a final attempt to coerce Labor, or he must range himself on the side of Labor, and aim at securing service on the basis of a change of system. The vast mass of consumers who are also workers are coming to envisage the struggle from this second point of view.

It must, however, be admitted that the Labor propaganda for national ownership and democratic control has not reached anything like the same dimensions as the business propaganda against these things. The Labor Research Department, working with the Miners' Federation, has indeed produced a telling booklet, Facts from the Coal Commission, of which many thousands are being sold all over the country. There are other pamphlets, and Messrs. Smillie, Hodges and other leaders have been busily addressing propagandist meetings. But the Labor press is weak in comparison with the press at the disposal of Capitalism, and there is, on the Labor side, far less of a coordinated campaign. Indeed, whereas the main reliance of the capitalist interests is on secret pressure, backed by the obstructionism of their nominees in Parliament and the power of the press outside, Labor relies mainly on the industrial strength of the Miners' Federation and of the Triple Alliance of miners' railwaymen and transport workers.

With a government unwilling to nationalize or to grant any real democratic control in industry, with a Parliament which would probably refuse to follow the government if it did decide in favor of nationalization, and with the powerful industrial forces of the Triple Alliance determined to secure national ownership and democratic control, it seems almost inevitable that there will come a tremendous economic struggle. Its coming may be put off again and again; strikes like the big strikes now in progress in Yorkshire and elsewhere may be settled; but these postponements and partial settlements cannot have abiding results. It is a choice between great experiments in socially controlled industry and a gigantic industrial upheaval—either a strike

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or a lock-out, according as the one side or the other finally decides to precipitate the conflict. A dissolution, followed by the election of a new Parliament of different temper, might tide over the crisis; but I incline to the opinion that the industrial struggle will take place, and that the main issue will be that of national ownership and democratic control, first of the coal industry, and secondly of vital industries in general.

It is by no means a comfortable situation for such a country as Great Britain, which has been so used to smooth-running industrial prosperity in the commercial sense as to regard it as a prescriptive British right. But it is slowly being realized that Britain's position as the spoilt child of Capitalism is largely gone, and that "reconstruction" must mean for us something very different from a mere return to pre-war conditions. Whether we shall accomplish "reconstruction" without a violent upheaval, it is impossible to say with certainty. I do not believe in a coming British "revolution" in the ordinary sense, but I do believe that the situation in the coal industry alone will be enough to lead before long to a bitter, and possibly prolonged, industrial conflict. Whichever side wins in this actual conflict, public ownership seems to me inevitable. Whether they win or lose, the miners cannot be made to render effective service again under capitalism, and, if for the sake of the consumer alone, this fact will necessarily lead, sooner or later, to the trial of the system of public ownership. This in turn, and for the same reason, will have to be combined with experiments in democratic control; for the twofold problem of efficiency cannot be solved unless both the material and the human factors are taken fully into account. Material efficiency necessitates unification; and this in turn, because of the menace of a huge capitalistic trust, necessitates national ownership. But equally the human claims of the miner make necessary not only nationalization, in order that private profit may be eliminated from the industry, but also democratic control, in order that the spirit of service may find room for free expression.

Nor will it be possible for long to confine these changes to a single industry. Their example will be contagious, and no attempts to discredit their financial results will prevent the contagion. Capitalism, even if it succeeds in defeating Labor for the moment in the coming struggle, will find its victory barren because no economic or political power on earth can draw efficient profit-making service from large bodies of men who are both strongly organized and convinced that the conditions under which they are working are anti-social and inefficient. Private ownership in the coal mines and, I believe, in other vital industries is doomed: it remains to be seen whether Labor is as powerful to construct as to destroy. I propose in a later article to examine more closely the constructive forces which are at work in British Labor, and especially the constructive programme which the coal miners have urged with such force and success upon the Coal Commission and the public.

G. D. H. Cole.

Renoir

RENOIR is the greatest painter alive. There are admirers of Matisse and admirers of Picasso who will contradict that, though the artists themselves would probably agree. Also, there are admirers of M. Bouguereau and of Sir Marcus Stone, there are Italian futurists and members of the New English Art Club, with whom one bandies no words. Renoir is the greatest painter alive.

He is over forty: to be exact, he is seventy-seven years old. Yet, in the teeth of modern theories that have at least the air of physiological certainties, one must admit that he is still alive. A comparison between the five-and-thirty photographs reproduced by M. Besson and those at the end of Herr Meier-Graefe's monograph suggests that even since 1910 his art has developed. But what is certain is that, during his last period, since 1900 that is to say, though so crippled by rheumatism that it is with agonizing difficulty he handles a brush, he has produced works that surpass even the masterpieces of his middle-age.

Renoir was born in 1841, and in '54 bound prentice to a china-painter. A fortunate invention deprived him of this means of livelihood and drove him into oil. He escaped early from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and, of course, came under the influence of Courbet. By 1863 he was being duly refused at the Salon and howled at by the respectable mob. He thus made one of the famous Salon des refusés, and has, in consequence, been generally described as an "impressionist." It is an honor he neither desires nor deserves. The pure doctrine of impressionism, as formulated by Claude Monet, enjoins "scientific truth" and submission to Nature, whereas Renoir observed one day to an astonished disciple, "Avec la Nature on ne fait rien"; and, on being asked where, then, the student should learn his art, added, without any apparent sign of shame or sense of sin—"Au musée, parbleu!"

Renoir thus affirmed what every artist knows, that art is the creation and not the imitation of form. In his eyes the most valuable part of an artist's education is the intelligent study of what other artists have done. For his own part he studied Courbet and then Delacroix, and, assuredly, from

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these picked up useful hints for converting sensibility into significant form. Sensibility he never lacked. Renoir's painting-gift may, without unpardonable silliness, be compared with the singing-gift of Mozart. His conspicuous characteristics are loveliness and ease. No painter, I suppose, gives more delight or gives it more frankly. That is why his name provokes an odd, personal enthusiasm in thousands of people who have never seen him. That is why Frenchmen, who have sometimes a terribly intimate way of explaining themselves, have been known to assert that they feel for Renoir the sort of grateful affection that every sensitive man feels for a woman who has given him joy.

But Renoir's natural masters—parents one would say if a man could have more than two—were Fragonard, Boucher and Watteau. These, whom he has surpassed, with Rubens, whom I think he equals, are responsible for most of what is derivative in his art during his first great period (1870-1881). That this should be the period beloved of amateurs does not surprise me. It is the period of Mme. Maitre (1871), La Loge (1874), Moulin de la Galette (1876) and M. Choquet—"portrait d'un fou par un fou," Renoir calls it (1876)—pictures of ravishing loveliness to set dancing every chord in a spectator of normal sensibility. Also, it is a period that has an extraordinary charm for the literary connoisseur. It throws glamor over the "seventies," and, for that matter, on to the "eighties." Here are the characters of Flaubert and Maupassant as we should wish them to be. That déjeuner by the Seine was probably organized by the resourceful Jean de Servigny, and there, sure enough, is Yvette with a fringe. The purest of painters becomes historical by accident. He expresses the unalloyed sensibility of an artist in terms of delicious contemporary life and gives us, adventitiously, romance. A fascinating period; but not the great one.

Towards the end of 1881 Renoir set out on a tour in Italy, and, as if to show how little he was affected by what he found there, painted at Naples a large and important Baigneuse (now in the Durand-Ruel collection) in which I can discover not the slightest trace of Italian influence. He is too thorough a Frenchman to be much of anything else. The emphatic statement and counter-statement of the great Primitives is not in his way. He prefers to insinuate. Even in his most glorious moments he is discreet and tactful, fonder of a transition than an opposition, never passionate. The new thing that came into his art about this time and was to affect it for the next twenty years was not Italy but Ingres.

The influence was at first an unhappy one. During three or four years, unable, it seems, to match the new conception of form with his intensely personal reaction, Renoir produced a certain number of unconvincing and uncharacteristic pictures (*e.g.*, the dance series, Dance à la Ville, &c.). There is an uneasy harshness about the contours, the forms are imperfectly felt, they are wooden even, and in their placing one misses the old inevitability. Signed with another name, these essays might by a dashing critic be called doctrinaire. Then in 1885 came the first Baigneuses (Collection J. E. Blanche), whereby Renoir put himself a good head above all contemporaries save Cézanne. If this picture were hung in a public gallery and the numerous drawings made for it ranged alongside, how finely discredited would be those knowing ones who, in their desire to emphasize the difference between form and that of which form is composed, are in the habit of calling Renoir a great colorist and then pausing impressively. I suppose it is because he rarely uses a lead pencil that the wiseacres are able to fulfill their destiny. Drawing in charcoal or pastel need not be taken seriously; while drawing with the brush is apparently not drawing at all. That Renoir is a great draughtsman may be inferred from almost everything he has ever done. But (though that amazing "Boy with a cat" was achieved as early as 1868) it is the work of this period—and Les Baigneuses with its attendant studies are capital examples—that makes patent his mastery and entitles him obviously to a place between Ingres and Daumier.

That it should be difficult to find a date for the beginning of Renoir's last period does not much trouble me; but I am sorry that it is quite impossible to indicate in words its character. One can say confidently that the new conception was being elaborated between 1895 and 1900; one can suppose that its final character was to some extent imposed on the master by his growing infirmities. A painter who can hardly move arm or fingers will neither sweep nor niggle. He must paint, if he is to paint at all, in blobs and smears and patches and soft strokes; and it is out of these that Renoir's latest works are built up. "Built up"—the expression is absurd. Rather, it is as though forms had been melted down to their component colors, and the pool of iridescent loveliness thus created fixed by a touch of the master's magic—lightly frozen over by an enchanting frost. Only ice is cold. At any rate, what happens to the spectator is that first he perceives a tangle of rather hot and apparently inharmonious tones; gradually he becomes aware of a subtle, astonishing, and unlooked-for harmony; finally, from this harmony emerge completely realized and exquisitely related forms. After which, if he has any sense of art, he remains spellbound and uncritical, and ceases to bother about how the

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thing was done. That, at least, is my impression of Renoir's latest style. Examples of it abound in Paris, notably M. Maurice Gaugnat's collection; and it is said that the artist intends these pictures to improve by keeping.

In his pleasant, well-written introduction M. Albert André gives a portrait of Renoir that is almost too good to be true: we are encouraged to believe just what we should like to believe. It is incredibly sympathetic. Yet it is very much what we might have guessed from the pictures had we dared. And, indeed, we did dare—some of us; for, besides its purely aesthetic character, its French taste and tact, the art of Renoir has over-tones to which the literary and historical intelligence cannot choose but listen. An intimate eulogy of France by a most lovable Frenchman is what, in our lazy moods, we allow these pictures to give us. They do it charmingly. For instance, though I never saw a Renoir that could justify a district visitor in showing more of her teeth than Nature had already discovered, here, unmistakably, are Parisians enjoying themselves in their own Parisian way. Here is the France of the young man's fancy and the old man's envious dreams. Here, if you please, you may smell again that friture that ate so well, one Sunday at Argenteuil, twenty years ago, in the company of a young poet who must have had genius, and two models who were certainly divine. And that group, with the fat, young mother suckling her baby—that is all French frankness, and French tenderness, and family feeling without a trace of its wonted grimness and insincerity.

Renoir is as French as French can be, and he knows it:

> Lorsque je regarde les maîtres anciens, je me fais l'effet d'un bien petit bonhomme, et pourtant je crois que de tous mes ouvrages il restera assez pour m'assurer une place dans l'école française, cette école que j'aime tant, qui est si gentille, si claire, de si bonne compagnie . . . Et pas tapageuse.

Renoir will have his place in that school, but another niche has been prepared for him amongst an even grander company. When, in 1917, Les Parapluies (a beautiful but not very characteristic work) was placed in the National Gallery, some hundred English artists and amateurs seized the opportunity of sending the master a testimony of their admiration which, rather to their surprise, and to their intense joy, apparently gave pleasure. In this they said:—

> Des l'instant où votre tableau s'est trouvé installé parmi les chefs-d'œuvre des maîtres anciens, nous avons eu la joie de constater qu'un de nos contemporains avait pris place d'emblé parmi les grands maîtres de la tradition européenne.

They said not a word too much.

CLIVE BELL.

To Bring Down Prices

INTEREST in the present high price situation is purely practical. While the factors in the price complex are innumerable, everyone is concerned with the question of what can be done to remedy the situation. Therefore, any analysis which rests with the mere pointing out of those many factors and fails to suggest a point of attack is valueless for our present needs.

Approaching the problem in a search for possibilities of action, we can at once distinguish several factors which are immediate and susceptible of some degree of control. From the published figures on production of various commodities we know that, following the armistice, production in almost all industries, outside of automobiles, jewelry, and other so-called luxuries, fell off greatly; that is, the productive capacity of the country has been idle to a considerable extent. Harking back to the discussions earlier in the year, it will be recalled that the producers generally announced their intention of curtailing production rather than accept the prices suggested by various agencies as fair. Their explanation stated that it was better business to wait till people were ready to pay more profitable prices. Consequently, they shut down their plants because it was more profitable to do so and the supply of goods was reduced by just so much.

The second factor which appears in this situation is an accounting practice. When a plant shuts down for any reason, voluntarily or because of a breakdown, the overhead expenses continue. The interest on bonds or indebtedness, maintenance expenses, depreciation, and the salaries of the permanent force continue whether the plant is idle or busy. Under the present business practices those overhead expenses during idleness are accumulated and spread over the goods to be produced later. The cost of production, therefore, is increased by the cost of idleness. When that idleness is deliberate, the consumer must pay for the cost of production plus a profit thereon, *plus* the cost of the plant kept idle to increase those profits.

From both these factors it is apparent that the consumer suffers. In the first place the production of goods is decreased and a scarcity ensues, resulting in the price of those goods being enhanced. In the second place the consumer must pay in addition for the cost of idleness in plants which have deliberately been kept idle to keep up the price. In both ways the consumer is mulcted.

The third factor to be noted is the occurrence of protests against high prices by employees of public utilities, street car companies, railways, and the like. A public utility operates under fixed rates

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and must furnish service upon demand. It may not curtail production or services to enhance the price and, therefore, it cannot raise the price by the cost of deliberate idleness, as in the case of private enterprise.

The public utilities face the problem of obtaining the fullest possible utilization of their plants, while private enterprise is concerned with the largest profit obtainable, whether by production or by idleness. Thus the employees of public utilities are caught in a situation where the organization paying their wages has a fixed income, while the organizations upon which they must depend for the necessities of life can, and do, put up their prices by curtailment of production and charging the consumer for the cost of such curtailment.

In the present state of industrial society, food and clothing and *rent* are as much public necessities as transportation, gas, electricity, water, telephones and telegraphs. But public utilities are forced to render services at fixed rates. The producers of necessities, however, are permitted to make profits by whatever means they choose—production or idleness. And so long as industry is run for profits to the neglect of service, this situation is inevitable.

What then are the possibilities for action looking to an improvement in this situation? We cannot by legislation compel the producers to run their plants continuously, but we can make it unprofitable for them to keep their plants idle, by instituting a system of prescribed accounting which makes the cost of deliberate idleness a reduction in profits. This is not a radical or revolutionary proposal. Many of the production engineers have been advocating such a change in accounting for years, and there is no injustice in restricting costs to real costs of production, by excluding the cost of idleness.

To put such a proposal in effect involves an extension of the public utility concept to the rest of the business organizations of the country. We have been making such an extension during the past ten years, putting under regulation and prescribed accounting all of the service-rendering organizations upon which modern life is dependent. Let us, therefore, apply the same technique of control to the meat industry, flour mills, sugar, milk, in fact all the basic industries, including storage facilities such as elevators, cold storage, etc. We can thereby insure the fullest possible utilization of plants, stable prices, and control of profits and at the same time promote continuity of employment for labor, for the wage earner suffers both from profit-making prices and from the desultory employment incidental to profit-making.

The theoretical argument that such a proposal is an interference with the free "play of economic forces" may be dismissed as an economic fallacy which tradition has made venerable. Since prices are established by definite acts of control over production by individual producers, it is not a question of abandoning our economic freedom but of deciding which control is more desirable—private or social.

In 1907 or 1908 Mr. E. H. Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, appeared before a Congressional Committee and stated that the steel industry would be benefited by government fixed prices and control. That testimony might be resurrected now for the benefit of those who are fearful lest we discourage our producers. And additional testimony might be obtained from the managers and superintendents regarding the effect upon their initiative and zeal of recurring periods of idleness or reduced operations. It should be remembered that the initiative and skill of modern industry is supplied by the working salaried official, not by the trader or investor for whose financial sake the profit-making technique is practiced.

To summarize, industry is run by traders not by producers, and for profits, not for service. Profit-making by trade-controlled management enhances prices both by its restriction on production and by its method of accounting for the costs of deliberate idleness. Public utilities (and banks in the Federal Reserve System) are legitimate precedents for extending the control of prices, for limiting returns on investments and for applying prescribed accounting. The conflict between public utilities (including their employees) and the private enterprise of unregulated business can only be resolved either by abolishing control over public utilities and permitting them to charge what they please, or by extending such control to the producers of necessities, including landlords. The issue is clear to him who cares to see it.

L. K. FRANK.

Extra—

From windy street to street the newsies cried
A war of nations—seven powers in
And more to follow soon—a sudden din
Of voices rose. Men said: He must have lied!
And ran for crossings, elbowing aside
Those men who had not heard and walked within
Their century still. Upstairs a violin
Creaked out the Marseillaise and the stiff pride
Of war sang in the air as when a sword
Is taken down. Now in the streets they cry
Again from block to block—"uprisings cease—
Peace treaty signed—The Reds take"—men are bored
And look beyond the town and far where lie
Great quiet sunny hills, august, like peace.

H. CAMPBELL.

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CORRESPONDENCE

An Apology for the Caste System

SIR: Looking over a back issue of your magazine—August 6th—I read with much interest two letters, from Mr. Pease and Mr. McMorrow, discussing—and condemning—the "caste system" in the army. As a regular army officer and graduate of West Point, I would like to contribute to the discussion.

Mr. McMorrow's effusion, it is true, cannot be taken too seriously. He states that he is "of the leisured class himself." It is only too apparent that he is; that the war, for the first time in his life, plunged him into the submerged tenth; and that he is outraged at the temporary submergence. It is perhaps regrettable that a foreman should receive more pay and comfort, and do less physical labor, than a workman; that a manager should in these respects be better provided than a foreman. This is at least an arguable economic thesis. But why argue it for the army alone? Does Mr. McMorrow hold to the general thesis of reward in proportion to physical effort and danger incurred, for all society? I read no such consistency into his somewhat heated remarks. "The officers owned the army and we were employees." Precisely. Having now returned to the civilian army, in which he is an officer—an owner—Mr. McMorrow looks back indignantly to the days when, in the military army, he was an employee, and declares that it was all wrong. Meantime, about and beneath him go the privates of civil life, doing harder (or certainly more unpleasant) work than he, receiving less reward, sustaining his life; and between his family and the janitor's family lies an invisible barrier as strong as was ever erected on an army post. And if the janitor were to invite him to carry his own trunk upstairs, he being physically fit, I fear Mr. McMorrow would speak winged words about Bolshevism.

I think we may dismiss Mr. McMorrow—with an appreciation of his statement about the Y.M.C.A.'s "discrimination in favor of officers" in France. Which is one of the justest criticisms to be levelled against that society.

But Mr. Pease demands a respectful hearing. It was after a second reading of his letter that I changed the heading of mine from "Defense" to "Apology." For one must admit that there is, in theory *as well as* in practice, a caste system in our army; that it is contrary to the theories on which the nation is organized; and that the burden of proof is on the army, to show that this anomalous thing was unavoidable.

I must here make an assumption, and if Mr. Pease challenges it my entire argument is out of court. Having seen active service, I do not think he will. It is, that in an effective army the first requisite is absolute and unquestioning obedience to the orders of a superior. You may think the superior wrong; you may think him a fool; you may later take occasion to tell him so. But it must never *occur* to you to do other than as he says. Nothing else, I am convinced, will take men into—*and out of*—shell fire as an organized fighting unit.

Now, this instinctive obedience to constituted authority does not necessarily imply any "caste system" whatever. No more rigidly disciplined army ever existed than that of Cromwell; yet it was an army of which Taine (was it?) tells that a sergeant might, after drill, bitterly rebuke his colonel for misconstruction of an obscure point in the Apocalypse. A more human and modern concept is Kipling's Army of a Dream, in which an enlisted man drops in to take tea with an officer, and explains with mild regret to a visitor how he, himself, is not the stuff of which officers are made. This, I would call the ideal arrangement; and it can exist, sometimes, and it has existed.

But if we take the American army "as is," and consider how it became what it is, we find excellent reasons—not perhaps of theoretical rightness, but of necessity—for such an arrangement not existing.

Mr. Pease has saved me words by admitting the fundamental point—that the army of 1915, and of the preceding fifty years, was a peace army. (In spite of the Spanish and Philippine episodes). It had to hire a few thousand executives and a few score thousand underlings with a certain amount of money. It paid the executives around three thousand dollars, which is not high by civilian analogy; it could scarcely have paid less, and gotten men fit to command or take charge. For its underlings it could then afford to pay from $18 a month to (for the highest grades and longest service) $100 a month. It tied these men in a three-year contract with a criminal clause for violation,* gave them strange tasks quite unrelated to the realities of life as they had previously known them, threw in a tang of martial glitter and romantic possibilities, and sent them to the ends of the earth. Under the conditions imposed by the Congress, this was what, and all that, the army had to offer.

What sort of men were the officers of this army? West Point supplied a large portion, and colored the entire group. It "turned out" men who, in the usual narrow sense of the word, were "gentlemen"; i. e., whose manners, courtesy, conversation, aesthetic appreciation and habits were on the average those of the upper or upper-middle culture-stratum of our country. Setting aside any other criticism of West Point, one cannot I believe criticize it on this score. If it can produce a $3,000 executive with these qualities, by all means let us accept the qualities. They certainly do no harm.

What sort of men, under modern American conditions, could be obtained as the underlings under the terms given above? Men physically fit and not vicious (or they could not get in, or stay in); with little education, little ambition, no skill at a well-paid trade, no executive ability except perhaps for very subordinate positions; with a touch of the hobo, or wanderer, streak; generally shiftless and unmarried. There were exceptions; I speak of the average.

These were the two classes that made up the army. Their characteristics were in each case accentuated by the democratic and equality-loving civilian world, which accepted the officer as a social equal under all conditions and barred the enlisted man, on occasion, from public places of amusement.

Given these elements, Mr. Pease demands that I, the officer, train to unquestioning blind obedience (beyond anything needed or known in the civil world), in the weary and uninspiring routine of peace, my group of these men, and at the same time admit them to social equality and comradeship. (Which Mr. Pease, the civilian, does not do). I must regretfully reply that it can't be done.

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* Mr. Pease may raise here the closely related side-issues of the desertion penalty, the court-martial system, etc.; but in limited space I cannot discuss them, though such discussion is pertinent. I simply state their existence, as facts.

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In the first place, I would not under any conditions so admit men of this character. It is a question, not necessarily of high or low, but of diverse types. The average enlisted man of the old army did not think, nor talk, nor amuse himself, nor react to life, as I do. He was not of the type whom I would *want* to know, nor who would want to know me. Assuming as I do that my way of life is better, then it is a thousand pities that there is a bloc of society (the bloc from which the army was recruited) which has an inferior way of life. But pity or not, it is a fact.

And secondly and far more important. This extreme obedience that I must teach, can be taught in two ways. I can do it by appealing to permanent ideals, or to temporary inspiration; or, I can do it by erecting a fiction of the sanctity of a commission. And in the peace-time conditions of the old army the officer simply could not work by the first method.

He simply could not. There was no temporary inspiration. The flame of enthusiasm for war, of hatred of the Hun with a capital H, and desire to help France with an illuminated capital F—Mr. Pease felt them in the air when he enlisted, but the pre-war recruit did not. And there were no particular permanent ideals. Duty, honor, the flag, meant to the average pre-war recruit exactly what they meant to the average underpaid uneducated civilian of the same class, and no more. Mr. Pease and I could, just to help the general game along, proceed into shell-fire under the orders of a fool, or take in silence a reprimand from an unjust superior. We are built that way. But an Italian laborer, thrown out of work in November and driven to the army to eat, is not. To command utterly that man's mental processes, I must be something above him, out of his world, sacrosanct. "I don't see no use in it, but the captain he says to do it. Let's go."

I think the caste system in the old army was inevitable. Naturally, then, the executives of the old army, who believed in it, tried to reproduce it in the new army.

Naturally they did not succeed. The new army was too big; the enlisted men were too high-grade; the temporary officers did not understand it, and either slurred it or overdid it to absurdity. (For a pure example of the martinet class developed ad nauseam, commend me to the three-months' captain trying to act as he conceives a regular officer acts.) To a large extent the caste system was unnecessary; to a large extent it disappeared. It did not, strictly "break down." It was never fully introduced.

But I greatly fear that as we slide back to peace conditions it will return.

To state concisely my own views, I do not like the caste system. If by universal service, selective service, or volunteer service with enormous pay, Congress provides us an army of Mr. Peases, I think the system would go, and I should be glad to see it go. I would certainly be happy to introduce Mr. Pease into my club and home, if he would afford me that pleasure. I would, next day, feel sure that if I issued an obviously idiotic order to Sergeant Pease, he would carry it out punctiliously. Let Mr. Pease and his fellow voters give us such material as we had in the war—the average American—to work with, and we shall abandon the legal fiction of our sanctity. We shall abandon it perforce, and some at least of us will abandon it with pleasure.

Until that time, I fear that our spurs must clank and our voices bark in the old, old way.

K. A. T.

Washington, D. C.

Help Save Wilson! He Is Being Drowned!

SIR: I have been told that Mr. Wilson has been drowned, and that the Fiume award is only the bubble from where he has sunk. I appreciate this good illustration, but do not quite agree with it. Mr. Wilson has not yet been, but is being drowned. He is not yet dead, but is dying, if nobody comes to his rescue. It is not too late yet. There is a way to save him.

It would be a great tragedy indeed, should he really be drowned. He is the head of the greatest republic and a civilized Christian nation. He is the greatest advocator and organizer of the League of Nations, and has been highly respected by the peoples of the whole world. The League of Nations has just had its beginning. If he was drowned, I am afraid that it would lose its existence. Fortunately, he has not been drowned. It is now up to his own people to determine whether or not he will finally be drowned. You are his people. You alone can save him.

But before you go to save him, you must know where he once dropped down and how to save. He dropped down to the deep Diplomatic Ocean from Shantung shore. Before he dropped down, he had been standing on the solid rock of Fourteen Points. But when an evil wind came from the islands in Far East, he could not stand still: his feet slipped and dropped!

But now how to save him? Go to the Shantung shore. Follow the way where he dropped down and pull him out from the water. He is now in great confusion. Instead of coming upward, he is struggling downward. Do not do as he now seems like to do. Do not push him further downward as somebodies are now doing. Do not ratify the Shantung clause as it now stands. Do not "condone wrong," "confirm extortion," "approve bribery," "bless robbery," "betray your sincere friend," "break your promise," "destroy your diplomatic honor," "stimulate unjust aggression," "upset the principles and policies laid down by the great men of your own country," and "weaken her first line of defense." But lift him up to where he formerly was. Formerly he stood on the solid rock of Fourteen Points; take him up there again. Formerly he stayed at the home of Justice and Humanity; bring him back there. Formerly he played on the ground of Fair Play; put him back there. Formerly he lived in the house of Self-determination; carry him back there. Then, he will be saved.

You, yourself must be careful too. The evil wind is still roaring; the storm still raging; and the great billows of the Diplomatic Ocean are still rolling. But Mr. Wilson is still in the deep water! He must be saved! You should make a hurry and help to save him!

A Chinese Student in America.

Protest and Repudiation

SIR: My attention has been called to the program of the League of Free Nations Association advertised in a recent issue of the New Republic, to which my name is attached as a member of the Executive Committee. I ask the privilege of explaining through your columns that my resignation from the Committee was withheld pending a referendum vote of the members of the Association as to its attitude toward the Treaty with Germany. My first information in regard to the result of this vote reached me by means of the advertisement mentioned, and my resigna-

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tion followed. I have the highest respect for the judgment of members of the Association, and the utmost sympathy with their attempt to educate their fellow-countrymen in their duties as citizens of a state which accepts membership, with good faith, in a true League of Peoples. I cannot agree with them in the first step which they advocate—the acceptance of the Treaty with Germany—nor can I share their belief in the efficacy of other steps to be taken through the League of Nations to retrace the first false one. Most of them will admit, I believe, that the Treaty was the result of the triumph of the malevolence of our Allies over the good intentions of Mr. Wilson, which unfortunately were not supported by knowledge, courage, and honesty. What warrant have we for believing that Mr. Wilson will display these qualities in larger measure in the Executive Committee of the League than in the Executive Committee of the Allies, since Alliance and League are one and the same? The subsequent treaties with Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria offer a test. It is urged that Mr. Wilson was ham-strung in respect to Germany by the knowledge that the majority of his fellow countrymen sympathized with the malevolence of the Allies rather than with his own good intentions. Certainly it cannot be pretended that the same influence was at work with regard to Austria. On the contrary, it is probable that a resolute assertion of good will and good sense toward the Austrian problems would have met with enthusiastic support in America. Instead we find Mr. Wilson's part in the Austrian settlement, as compared with the German, marked by an ignorance more amazing, an acquiescence more supine, and a betrayal of obligations undertaken in the face of the world more shameless. And even if we can imagine Mr. Wilson reassuming the harness of international virtue which he put off with the signing of the armistice, or which was stripped from him piece by piece at Paris, what greater chance can he have with his colleagues in the League than in the Conference? In the latter it is generous to suppose that Mr. Wilson's good intentions were beaten by an active malevolent majority; in the former they may be defeated by a passive veto of any one of that majority. The single hope in the League is that as the result of political revolution, which he prophesied but dared not invoke, Mr. Wilson may find his Executive Committee composed of freshmen, less refractory than Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Orlando. But I submit that this is merely to pass on to highly hypothetical persons in the future a responsibility which is real and present to ourselves. The only attitude of American liberals toward Versailles is that which we expected from Austrian and German liberals toward Brest-Litovsk—protest and repudiation.

Chicago, Ill. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Courses in Social Research

SIR: In June of 1918, a letter published in your columns told of the war emergency graduate courses in Industrial Supervision and Employment Management to be offered at Bryn Mawr College. In response, hundreds of your readers made inquiries and a number of them are among the thirty young women who after eight months of rigorous training in theory, technique, and practice, are now aiding in industrial readjustment and reconstruction, or are just entering industry as employment managers, research students of labor conditions, supervisors of industrial clubs, etc.

So successful have these courses proved that the National War Council of the Young Women's Christian Association has renewed its contribution to Bryn Mawr College so that the Carola Woerishoffer Graduate Department of Social Economy and Social Research might continue these graduate courses for the year 1919-1920. The work will be of the same order, and the courses in labor and industrial organization, in theory and technique, and in field practice will again be given by Miss Anna Bezanson. Other regular seminaries of the College in Industrial Research and Surveys, in Vocational Psychology, in social Psychology and Philosophy and in Politics will be available for election.

The great problems of the people are to be solved not only by attaining adequate industrial understanding and unity, but by securing wise community organization and solidarity. The Carola Woerishoffer Graduate Department is, therefore, offering new and evolved graduate courses in those subjects which will fit women as community secretaries and organizers. Courses in theory and technique of Community and Block Organization and in the principles and methods of stimulating, developing and utilizing the artistic and dramatic impulses and resources of the community will be offered. Unusual and unique opportunity for training in the application of theory is secured through practice in the well organized Bryn Mawr Community Center, in the Block Organizations and Community Service Associations which have recently been developed under Community Service Incorporated of Philadelphia, and in the old and well established settlements of Philadelphia. The foundations of Community work rest on the principles of education, as applied to the individual on the one hand, and as applied to social groups on the other, and so Professor Castro will give a seminary in the principles of education as applied to community work, and Professor Leuba, a seminary in the principles of Psychology as applied to social groups. Two other important seminaries are available for second year students—one in Community Surveys and one in Municipal and Local Government.

Several scholarships of the value of $300 are now available in both of these subjects—in Industrial Supervision and Employment Management and in Community Organization and full information with regard to requirements and opportunities may be secured from the Secretary, Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania.

SUSAN M. KINGSBURY.

A Prussian Victory?

SIR: The other day I heard this sentence: "It took God forty years to get the Children of Israel out of Egypt, but it took Him forty generations to get Egypt out of the Children of Israel." I wonder if somewhat the same statement could not be made about the United States and Germany: It took us nineteen months to help win a military victory over Germany, but it may take us nineteen generations to win a moral victory over ourselves and to get the Prussian spirit out of our hearts. We are yet holding our conscientious objectors in prison, we are suppressing radical assemblies and free speech, we are lynching the negroes, some of us are advocating universal military training, and not a few among us are crying for national isolation and for commercial supremacy in the world. I am not a pacifist, a socialist, or technically an internationalist, and in no sense, I think, could I be called a radical, but as a liberal and a loyal citizen I view with alarm this continued Prussianizing of the United States. If we are not careful, Germany will yet be able to claim the victory.

Milo, Maine. RAYMOND A. CHAPMAN.

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Mary Olivier

Mary Olivier: A Life, by May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co.

IN many ways Mary Olivier is a tedious and irritating experiment. It starts out with a grim determination to catch the actual movement of life: the first consequence is to make the reader almost seasick. "Mark and Dank and Roddy came in. Mark carried Sarah [the cat] in his arms. They stood by the bed and looked at her [Mary]; their faces pressed close. Roddy had been crying; but Mark and Dank were excited. They climbed on to the bed and kissed her. They made Sarah crouch down close beside her and held her there. They spoke very fast, one after the other.

"'We've brought you Sarah.'

"'We've given you Sarah.'

"'She's your cat.'

"'To keep for ever.'

"She was glad that she had tripped over Papa's legs. It was a good and happy day."

This excruciating simplicity is never abandoned by Miss Sinclair. She sticks to it through Mary Olivier's infancy (1865-1869), childhood (1869-1875), adolescence (1876-1879), maturity (1879-1900), and middle age (1900-1910). But for all its power to exasperate, especially before Mark and Roddy and Dank and Mary are anything but names, it does manage in the end to create an intense intimacy with Mary Olivier and to redeem through that valuable intimacy all the early irritations of perhaps the first hundred pages.

The book is marvelous. It is extremely intense, as only the story of a family can be. It is tragically intense, as the story of a self-centred group must always necessarily be. But sharp and drawn as its profile is, and deep and relentless its shadows, it has the gesture and the accent of true existence. Miss Sinclair is not sanguine. She has little in her of the powerful creator like Tolstoi, who is able so easily to sustain his living creatures, like Rodin's Hand of God. There is nothing easy about Miss Sinclair here—no humor or comedy, no suspicion of irresponsibility. But out of her stringent temperament, out of her passion for perfection and her avidity for love, she draws this extraordinary combination of reminiscence and creation which is the biography of Mary Olivier. It is too staccato, perhaps, to be revisited affectionately. It isn't entirely social. It has about it the aërial swiftness, the boniness and shrillness, the beak and claws, of a bird. But it is remarkable in just the humanness of not being entirely social. It is remarkable in the humanness of the unsocial truth that it reveals. Mary Olivier is above all truthful—that is to say, expertly and piercingly and heroically truthful. And so truthful a book passes into the very small class of original literature.

The drama of Mary Olivier is a drama of importunate temperament conflicting with importunate circumstance. The circumstance is supplied almost entirely by Mary's family and mainly by Mary's mother. Mary's mother is sweet and gentle and cannibalistic; she is jealous of Mary and through her long life she sets against Mary all the obstacles that her privileged position commands. Mary loves her brother Mark, but the mother is possessive of Mark and excludes Mary. Mary craves to know Greek, to read Greek in Mark's books, but the mother succeeds in giving to that desire the character of sacrilege. Mary does not believe in her mother's Jesus. She does not believe in her mother's Jehovah. But Jesus and Jehovah become instruments through which Mary is continually subordinated. Another instrument is brought into the mother's hands by Aunt Lavvy's Opinions, and another by the erotomania of Aunt Charlotte. Because Aunt Lavvy is a dangerous radical—she is a Unitarian who admires the Rev. James Martineau—there are tremendous scenes in which both father and mother unite to put Aunt Lavvy in her place, and Mary's outraged sense of justice in regard to Aunt Lavvy is merely an opportunity for the father and the mother to tyrannize over the child. The opportunity afforded by Aunt Charlotte is subtler. Aunt Charlotte is inclined to fancy herself in love with the piano-tuner or the man who comes to mend the clocks. Her condition does not focus itself for Mary for many years, and even when it does she cannot at once understand that her own actions are often likely to be interpreted by her mother as related in some way to Aunt Charlotte's. This caprice of jealousy arouses a horrible suspicion as to her nature in her own heart. She explicates it only with the aid of an older man; one of the few kind and imaginative figures in the book.

The duel between Mary Olivier and her mother is essentially a tragedy because Mary cannot possibly win. She cannot give in to her mother's will to power because she possesses her own importunate temperament. Her love of truth, her love of beauty, are all she has. Neither can she destroy her mother by denying her mother's claim on her, because the mother, after all, is there. One after another the boys go away. The first to go is Mark, the apple of his mother's eye. He departs for India, to the grief of Mary and the happiness of the father, who is jealous of Mark. When the father has slid from his dominance in the family to his shambling exit as a drunkard, dead from apoplexy, the brunt of the household duties falls on Mary as a matter of course. Roddy has a weak heart and is helpless, but Roddy is sent to Canada. Dan drinks like his father and is rather useless. For Mary there is no escape.

A few men make love to her. Of the three men who actually fall in love with her, one is disappointed in her after a long separation (she has cut her hair, for one thing); the second never reveals his love, being older and married; the third declares himself, gives her a glimpse of the reality she desires, is baffled and defeated by her refusal to leave her mother, and consoles himself with a middle-age marriage just when the mother's death releases Mary. These gleams of love are represented with a perfect fidelity. They touch Mary's life only as sunlight that is caught on the hills above a deep valley. She dwells in a valley into which love has not fairly reached.

Mary's imagination, however, could never accept this as a finality. At the very end she has an "awareness" of the Thing-in-itself, Reality, God, which is something beyond the experience of love. "All her life she had gone wrong about happiness. She had attached it to certain things and certain people: Mamma and Mark, Jenny, visits to Aunt Bella, the coming of Aunt Charlotte and Aunt Lavvy and Uncle Victor, the things which people would say and do which they had not said and not done. . . . If you looked back on any perfect happiness you saw that it had not come from the people in the things you thought it had come from, but from somewhere inside yourself." "Somewhere inside herself," then, Mary Olivier finds a Reality that surpasses desired experience.

A book like Mary Olivier embodies much more than the wish to tell the truth. It embodies a great art in telling it.

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For here we have not merely the drama of an English father and mother in all their Christianity, pride, obtuseness, tyranny and neurotic ignorance. We have the drama organized with fidelity to the manner of life itself. Thus we are not spectators at a drama where the narrator is himself omniscient. We are taken through events as the bewildered and impercipient spectator was himself taken through them; and when, for example, the father gets drunk at a party, the change is not heralded as "drunkenness" but comes as change itself, repugnant and unmentionable, gradually focussing itself into the concept that we know. So, also, Mary's intellectual zest is not disclosed. It is an urgency, an ache, a nostalgia, that only experiment solves for her; just as she has the ecstasy of beauty long before she knows that such an ecstasy has a name. This comprehension of the precipitancy of life is but one of the many singular comprehensions of Mary Olivier. Much more remarkable, of course, is the adherence to truth, regardless of current myths as to the family. It takes courage to open the unrestrained emotional life that everyone and everything conspires to censor. This is not the smallest virtue of Miss Sinclair's exquisite though cruelly self-absorbed book. F. H.

Mathematical Philosophy Made Fool-Proof

Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy, by Bertrand Russell, F. R. S. New York: The Macmillan Co.

LIKE the apostle Paul, Mr. Russell does not suffer fools gladly, especially when their foolishness takes the form of claiming to be philosophers without having studied mathematical logic. In order to remove, for the future, all excuse for the further survival of this foolishness, Mr. Russell has written this book, which brings the mysteries of mathematical logic within reach of any but the meanest understanding. Everyone familiar with Mr. Russell's Problems of Philosophy knows his unrivalled skill in the popular and yet scholarly exposition of philosophical arguments. You may not agree with what he says, but you cannot fail to be caught and thrilled by a manner of presentation which gives you at the same time the sense of exploration and adventure, of methodical advance, of happy solution, and of unexhausted tasks still ahead. There is, at least in the English-speaking world, at the present day no other man who combines in the same way the highest technical mastery of, and originality in, his subject with the gift for communicating his doctrines to beginners in luminous and simple statement.

To the average student of philosophy for whom the bulky volumes of Principia Mathematica threatened to remain very literally a closed book, Mr. Russell by this Introduction has rendered a very real service—a service the more to be appreciated because it was rendered whilst the author was in prison for the sake of his political views. Whoever cares to do so, can now inform himself, from Mr. Russell's clear and authoritative account, how mathematical philosophy differs from ordinary mathematics in that it seeks to analyze what ordinary mathematics takes for granted as its starting-point. "Instead of asking what can be defined and deduced from what is assumed to begin with, we ask what more general ideas and principles can be found, in terms of which what was our starting-point can be defined or deduced." Somewhere, of course, we must call a halt and accept some terms as intelligible without definition, but the joy of the mathemathical philosopher is to put off this halting-point an amazingly long time. Thus it was first discovered that all traditional pure mathematics, including analytical geometry, could be analyzed wholly into propositions about the natural numbers. It was shown to consist of nothing but the natural numbers and their properties, plus the ideas and propositions of pure logic. This "arithmetisation of mathematics" culminated in Peano's derivation of the theory of natural numbers from three primitive ideas and five primitive propositions. Next came Frege who "logicised" mathematics by recognizing Peano's primitive ideas as "variables," i. e., as capable of many different interpretations, all satisfying the five primitive propositions, and all equally true in this sense. Whence it was a comparatively short step to Frege's famous and paradoxical definition of number: "The number of a class is the class of all those classes that are similar to it," a definition built up out of ideas which belong wholly to pure logic. With this discovery, the realm of mathematical philosophy was definitely located on the map of our intellectual universe, though for years the exploration of it made but slow progress. It was not, in fact, until after Russell himself had independently re-discovered Frege's theory of number, that a rapid development took place. Perhaps the most spectacular achievement of mathematical logicians has been the solution of the traditional paradoxes of infinity, achieved arithmetically by Cantor, logically by Frege. But more fundamental is the close analysis of the properties of different kinds of order and relation, and the building up of the whole theory of rational, real, and complex numbers, infinite cardinal numbers, infinite series and ordinals, limits and continuity, functions, etc., out of the purely logical ideas which resulted from this analysis.

Now the philosophical interest of all this work becomes acute, when the logical apparatus thus developed is applied to the traditional problems of philosophy, such as the concepts of space, time, thing, cause, the external world. An example of such application Mr. Russell has himself furnished in his Lowell Lectures on our Knowledge of the External World. But there is a problem involved in the application of pure logic to the empirical world, to which in this book Mr. Russell merely alludes, and which, so philosophical critics rightly complain, he has never faced on its merits. It is easy to say, "What can be known, in mathematics and by mathematical methods, is what can be deduced from pure logic. What else is to belong to human knowledge is to be ascertained otherwise, through the senses or through experiences in some form, but not a priori." The difficulty is that those two sources, or modes, of knowledge—pure reason and experience—do not simply co-exist, as it were in watertight compartments, but interpenetrate in the empirical sciences. The fact of this applicability of pure logic to the data of experience furnished Kant's problem, and has given rise to the most profound metaphysical speculations of the XIXth century. Mr. Russell, on the other hand, claims for the logician a "lordliness" which forbids him to "condescend to derive arguments from the things he sees about him." He lays it down that "pure logic aims at being true in all possible worlds, not only in this higgledy-piggledy job-lot of a world in which chance has imprisoned us." But it is just this actual world, as revealed to us throughout the whole range of our experience, which supplies the metaphysician with his acutest problems, and the gesture of impatience, and even scorn, with which Mr. Russell turns away from

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it, supports the impression that his metaphysical theories are as patchy as they are half-hearted.

Still, even he cannot escape the spell, and the concluding chapters of the Introduction, with their theories of propositional functions, descriptions, classes, are full of most interesting metaphysical speculation. There those who are curious may learn why it is meaningless to say "Socrates exists," whilst we can significantly say "a man exists." There, too, they may learn why classes are symbolic fictions, and get fascinating hints of what a truly philosophical grammar and a complete symbolic language would require, e. g., a proper name for every "particular." There, lastly, they may find Mr. Russell, in a sudden zeal of respect for the actual world, insisting that "the sense of reality is vital in logic," that logic is concerned with the real world just as truly as zoology, and cannot, therefore, as Meinong proposed to do, admit unicorns and sea-serpents, Hamlets and Pickwicks, as objects which, though not made of flesh and blood, yet have being of some sort. It is a pretty puzzle: we can talk and think of fairies, and there must, so it seems, surely *be* something to which our words and thoughts refer. For we are not thinking of absolutely nothing. Our words mean something. Yet we also say that fairies are unreal: "There are no such creatures." There are fairies, and, again, there are not. Can we have it both ways? Can we let things unreal sneak into the universe by some back-door? The riddle is as old as Plato, but I shall not spoil the fun by giving away Mr. Russell's solution.

R. F. A. H.

Chinese Poems

One Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems, translated by Arthur Waley. New York: Alfred Knopf.

MR. WALEY'S one hundred and seventy poems crown the list of recent acquisitions from the Chinese. Books of paraphrases, several translations, imitations of the Chinese like those by Mr. John Gould Fletcher, plays like the Yellow Jacket and half a dozen others, and popular novels like Java Head, have lately trumpeted China—if trumpeting can be thought of together with Chinese art. But Mr. Waley's collection has quite a different importance. It comes straighter from the field.

The volume pleasantly combines the scholarly and the poetic. The introduction and the method of choosing the poems have much concern with sheer information as well as with beauty and poetry. The writer confesses early in the game that there is no Homer, no Shakespeare, no Tolstoi, among the Chinese. But for two thousand years, he claims, they have had in their literary art the qualities of tolerance and rationality and of delicate, contemplative lyricism. In their poets, passion is nearly always absent, love rather gives way to friendship and self-restraint; and half the poems are of parting and separation. From poems with these qualities the translations are made.

The titles show the range of the poems: Meeting in the Road; Oaths of Friendship; Song of Snow-White Hands; The Curtain of the Wedding-Bed; The Scholar in the Narrow Street;—a page of these is better than most poems—Inviting Guests; Dreaming of a Dead Lady; Winter Night; Planting Flowers on the Eastern Embankment; Ease; Taoism and Buddhism; On getting Drunk, becoming Sober in the Night; Rising Late and Playing with A-ts'ui, Aged Two.

As translations who can say just how good these are, except some magical and mythical being who knows Chinese and English equally well and with equal literary traditions behind him? As poems—leaving their Chinese origin wholly out of it—they have subtlety, quietness, reserve, and sometimes melody and rhythm, though not always. To my mind they suffer from a need that many of our newer poets seem to feel: which is that whenever they wish to get a classical calm or pagan clearness or desolate passion, they imitate the English translations of the Greek Anthology, very much as Pope and his contemporaries imitated French translations for their classical effects. I fancy Mr. Waley sins in this direction and not seldom.

Archaeologists have an argument to hoist themselves above the other classicists. They maintain that Greek living has its best chance to survive in the visual arts; they say that most of us will never know the Greek language and that most Greek scholars have little real knowledge of the literary implications of the styles they read. But the eye can see. And though much traditional meaning may indeed be missed, a line after all is a line, and balance, harmony and rhythm are almost universal realities. We can all see that Chinese painting is almost supreme in organic rhythm, and in beauty of design and tone. It is weak in plastic architecture and mere power. But we can see its lyrical mood, its semi-religious passion. We can see its dignity and distinction and elegance. Chinese poems of parallel sources may be supposed to show pretty much the same qualities. Take the paintings of Wang Wei for instance. Or the British Museum's famous Ku K'ai-Chih, of the fourth century. Many things out of these paintings are in Mr. Waley's poems. But judged in English—which is the only way to judge them after all—they do often lack elegance, certainly, most of all, and often tonal beauty.

Nevertheless the book is a find. It moves in a region of gentle and dignified loveliness, beauty of thinking, self-restraint, meditation, and loneliness, quiet accuracy, and candor.

This is one of the Nineteen Pieces of Old Poetry, from the first century B. C.

> In the north-west there is a high house,
> Its top level with the floating clouds.
> Embroidered curtains thinly screen its windows,
> Its storied tower is built on three steps.
> From above there comes a noise of playing and singing,
> The tune resounding, oh! how sad.
> Who can it be, playing so sad a tune?
> Surely it must be Ch'i Liang's wife.
> The tranquil "D" follows the wind's rising,
> The middle lay lingers indecisive.
> To each note, two or three sobs,
> Her high will conquered by overwhelming grief.
> She does not regret that she is left so sad,
> But minds that so few can understand her song.
> She wants to become those two wild geese
> That with beating wings rise high aloft.

I do not remember to have seen before in poetry that theme, with its sudden and poignant reality and surprise, of two of these lines:

> She does not regret that she is left so sad,
> But minds that so few can understand her song.

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In looking over the Chinese shelves of a public library the other day I found ten writings on the exclusion of the Chinese and the restriction of Chinese immigration to one book on Chinese culture and art. It is diverting to think of this and of our despised laundryman and to remember at the same time that in the days when our ancestors were painted blue and were busy nutting and catching fish and getting the smoke out of their sleeping-caves, that a Chinese singer, Cheng Hsiao, took down his sophisticated brush and wrote:

SATIRE ON PAYING CALLS IN AUGUST

When I was young, throughout the hot season
There were no carriages driving about the roads,
People shut their doors and lay down in the cool:
Or if they went out, it was not to pay calls.
Nowadays—ill-bred, ignorant fellows,
When they feel the heat make for a friend's house.
The unfortunate host, when he hears someone coming,
Scowls and frowns, but can think of no escape.
"There's nothing for it but to rise and go to the door,"
And in his comfortable seat he groans and sighs.

The conversation does not end quickly:
Prattling and babbling, what a lot he says!
Only when one is almost dead with fatigue
He asks at last if one isn't finding him tiring.
(One's arm is almost in half with continual fanning:
The sweat is pouring down one's neck in streams.)
I therefore caution all wise men
That August visitors should not be admitted.

The appearance of these Chinese books makes us pause to consider the leap we have made from the day of Tennyson's choosing fifty years of Europe to a cycle of Cathay; and from Mr. Owen Jones' tremendous and Victorian dictum, in his expensive Grammar of Ornament, 1868. "Notwithstanding the high antiquity of the civilization of the Chinese, they do not appear to have made much advance in the fine arts. On the whole, Chinese art is a very faithful expression of the nature of this peculiar people; its characteristic feature is oddness—we cannot call it capricious, for caprice is the playful wandering of a lively imagination; but the Chinese are totally unimaginative, and all their works are wanting in the highest grace of art, —the ideal." But from the English reviews of Mr. Waley's book, we conclude that old John of Gaunt's precious stone is, happily, not so set in the silver sea as it was at Locksley Hall, or in Mr. Jones's time.

STARK YOUNG.

Contributors

to this issue

JOHN DEWEY, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, now in China. The author of Democracy and Education and other works on education and metaphysics.

G. D. H. COLE, an authority on labor in England. Author of Labor in Wartime and Self-Government in Industry.

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L. K. FRANK, N. Y. accountant and statistician. Formerly Chief of Industrial Conditions section, War Industries Board, Washington, D. C.

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